



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Tragedy of Hoffman

OR

A Revenge for a Father

[by HENRY CHETTLE.]

Date of only known original edition 1631

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Tragedy of Hoffman OR A Revenge for a Father

[by HENRY CHETTLE.]

1631

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIII

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A Rebenge for a Father

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"Hoffman" is the only one of the thirteen plays known to have been written wholly by Chettle that was printed. It was published without the author's name and is regarded as very corrupt. This facsimile is from the British Museum example.

On the evidence of "Henslowe's Diary," Chettle was a most voluminous playwright. He had a hand in no fewer than thirty-six plays, in conjunction with one or other, or others, of thirteen contemporary dramatists. Full biographical and bibliographical details will be found in "The Dictionary of National Biography," s.v. Chettle.

This facsimile from the original copy is satisfactorily done.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF HOFFMAN

O.R

A Reuenge for a Father.

As it hath bin diuers times acted
with great applause, at the *Phenix*
in *Drucry-lane*.



LONDON,

Printed by I. N. for *Hugh Perry*, and are to bee
sold at his shop, at the signe of the *Harrow*
in *Brittaines-burse*. 1621.



TO HIS MVCH

Honored Friend, Master

Richard Kiluert.

Sir

Know you, and in that your worth, which I
honour more, then greatness in a Patron:
this Tragedy hapning into my hands, I haue now
aduentured it vnto the Presse, and wanting both
a Parent to owne it, and a Patron to protect it, am
fayne to ~~at~~ the Fathers part, and haue aduentu-
red to addresse it vnto your Worthy selfe; vnder
whose wings it flies for a new birth: it hath passed
the Stage already with good applause, and I doubt
not, but from you it shall receiue a kinde welcome,
who haue alwaies bin a true Fauourer of Artes
and Learning; and from your selfe I haue receiued
so many noble curtesies, that I shall alwayes rest.

Yours to command

HUGH PERRY.

Heffman

Lorrique

Otto

Ferdinand

Rudowich

Carwick

Matthias

Jerome

Shill





The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoffman.

Hence Clouds of melancholy
He be no longer subiect to your fumes,
But thou deare soule, whose nerues and artires
In dead reboundings tum on vp reuenge,
And thou shalt here, be but appeas'd sweete hearse
The dead remembrance of my liuing father *strikes ope a curtain*
And with a hart as aine, swift as thought: *aine where ap-*
I'll excuse iustly in such a cause *peares a boay.*
Where truth leadeth, what coward would not fight
Ill acts moue soune, but myne's a cause is right *thunder and lightning.*

See the powers of heauen in apparitions
And sight full aspects as insented
That thus tardy am to doe an act
which iustice and a fathers death exits;
Like threatening methors antedates destruction. *thunder*
Again I come, I come, I come,
Bee silent thou effigies of faire virtue
That like a goodly syen we can't plucke vp
By murderous, winds, infectious blasts and gusts

B

I will

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I will not leaue thee, vntill like thy selfe,
I'ue made thy enemies, then hand in hand
We'll walke to paradise. — againe more blest
Ile to yon promonts top, and their suruey,
What shipwrackt passengers the belgique sea
Casts from her fomy entrails by mischance.
Roare sea and winds, and with celestiaall fires,
Quicken high proiects, with your highest desires.

Enter Lorraine.

Lo. Yet this is somewhat like, but brambles, you are to bu-
fie, were I at *Luningberge*, and you catcht me thus, I should
goe neere to aske you at whose suit, but now I am out of sent,
And there no seriants, for I thinke these woods and waters are
common wealthes that need no such subiects nay they keepe
not a Constable at sea, but a maas ouerwhelmd without
order. — Well, dry land I loue thee, though thou swarme
with millions of deuourers, yet hast thou no such swallow as
the sea.

Hoff. Thoulyest, there liues vpon the earth more beasts
With wide deuouring throates, then can bee found
Of rauenous fishes in the Ocean:
The huge *Leuiathan* is but a shrimpe:
Compar'd with our *Balena* on the land

Lo. I am of your mind; but the Whale has a wide mouth.
To swallow fleeting waters, and poore fish,
Hoff. But we haue *Epicures* and *Cormorants*,
Whom neyther sea, nor land can hardly serue.
They feed them fat, while armes and honour starue,
Desart looks pale as death, like those bare bones.

Lo. Ha — amazd.

Hoff. Seest thou them trembling, slauic heere were *Armes*?
That seru'd the troathlesse state of *Luningberge*.

Lo. So doe I sir serue the dukes sonne of the state,

Hoff. Ha, ha, I laugh to see how dastard feare
Hastens the death doomid wretch to his distresse,

Say.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Say didst thou serue the duke of *Luningberge*.

Lo. His sonne *O the* sir, I'me a poore follower of his
And my master is ayding of himselfe at your Cell,

Hoff. Is he that seapt the wracke young *Luningberge*?

Lo. I sir, the same sir, you are in the right sir.

Hoff. Reuenge I kisse thee, vengeance y'are at liberty,
Wouldst thou hauing lost a father as I haue,
Whose very namedissolues my eyes to teares
Could duty and thy loue to different proue,
Not to auenge his death whose better part
Was thine, thou his, when he fell part of thee
Fell with him each drop, being part thine owne
And wouldst not be reveng'd;

Lo. Yes on the murderer,

Hoff. On him, or any man that is asidied
Has but one ounce of blood, of which hees part
He was my father, my hart still bleeds
Nor can my wounds be stoppt, till an incision,
I'ue made to bury my dead father in:
Therefore without protraction, sighing, or excuses
Swear to be true, to ayd assist me, not to flure
Or contradict me in any enterprise
I shall now vndertake, or hereafter.

Lo. I swear.

Hoff. Were I perswaded that thou couldst shed teares,
As doth the Egyptian serpents neere the Nile;
If thou wouldst kisse and kill, imbrace and stabbe,
Then thou shouldst liue, for my inactiue braine
Hath cast a glorious project of reuenge
Euen as thou kneel'st, wile thou turne villaine speake.

Lo. Oh sir when was I ether wile, from my creation nothing
else, I was made of no other stuffe, villany is my onely patri-
mony: though I bee an irreigious slave, yet I beare a religious
name, though I want courage, yet in take, I'll put them all
downe, though I haue nothing in me that is good:
Yet I'll —————

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Hoff. Forbear thy Lord is coming ile go in
And royally provide for such a Prince,
Say thou hast met the kindest host aliue,
One that adores him, with no lesse zeale
Then rich men gold, or true religious heauen
Dissemble cunningly, and thou shalt prooue
the minion of my thoughts, friend to my loue. *Exit.*

Lor. Well sir ne're feare me. this is an excellent fellow
A true villaine fitter for me then better company,
This is Hannes *Hoffmans* sonne.
that stole downe his fathers Anotamy from the gallowes at
Lenningberge, I 'tis the same vpon the dead scull ther's the iron
Crowne that burnt his braines out, what will come of this, I
neyther know nor care: but here comes my lord.

Enter Orho.

How chers my most noble, my most honorable, my most
gracious; yea my most grieued prince.

Orho. A fearefull storme

Lor. And full of horror.

Orho. Trust me *Lorrique* besides the inlie griefe
That swallows my content when I perceiue
How greedily the fence vnpyting sea, and waues,
Deuour'd our friends another trouble greues my vexed eyes.
With gashtly apperitions, strange aspects
Which eyther I doe certainly behold
Or else my soule deuising some sad fate
Fills my unaginary powers with shapes
Hidious and horrid.

Lor. My lord let your hart haue no commerce with that
Mart of idle inaginations, rouse vp your noblenesse
To apprehend comfort, kindnesse ease and what other wise
Entertain'd so solitary a place as this, can the
Antient subject of the state of *Lenningberg* collect
Tis I take it the sonne to that Viz-admirall that
Turn'd a terrible pirate.

Orho. Let vs turne backe into the sea againe

Yealding

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Yielding our bodies to the ruthless sound
That hath diuided vs and our late friends
Rather then see choyce *Hoffman.*

Lor. Courage braue *Orho*, hee'l vse thee kindly.

Enter Hoffman.

Heere he comes, sweete host heere is the dukes heire of
Leningberge doe homage and after entertaine him and me his
Follower with the most conspicious pleasures
That lies in thy poore hability.

Hoff. Before I speake to my most sacred Lord

I ioyne my soft lipps to the sollid earth

And with an honourd benition I blesse

The hower, the place, the time of your arriue

For now my sauadge life, lead amongst beasts

Shalbe turn'd ciuill by your gracious helpe

Orho I see thy true hearts loue drope downe in teares

And this imbrace shewes I am free from feares

My disturb'd blood runnes smoothly through my veines

And I am bold to call thee friend, bold to intreate

Food for by wrack I haue lost ship, friends and meat.

Hoff. You that attend my Lord enter the caue

Bring forth the homely Cakes theis hands prepar'd

While I intreat his excellence sit downe

Villaine bring nothing but a burning Crowne.

Exit.

Orho What's that thou bidst him bring, a burning Crowne

Hoff. Still you suspect my harmelesse innocence

What though your father with the power state

And your iust vncle duke of *Bressa*

After my father had in thirty fighrs

Fill'd all their treasures with fomens spoyles

And payd poore souldiors from his treasury

What though for this his meritts he was nam'd

A prescript out law for a little debt

Compeld to flic into the Belgique found

And liue a pirate.

Orho Prithee speake no more

Thou

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Thou raysest new doubts in my troubled heart
By repetition of thy fathers wrongs

Hoff. Then hee was wrong'd you graunt but not by you,
You vertuous gentile man

Sate like a iust Iudge of the vnder-shades,
And with an vnctung'd Rhadamantine looke,
Beheld the flesh mangled with many scars
Par'd from the bones of my offended father
And when hee was a bare anatomy,
You saw him chain'd vnto the common gallowes,

Otho Hoffman.

Hoff. Nay heare me patientiy kind Lord
My innocent youth as guilty of his sinne,
Was in a dungeon hidden from the sunne,
And there I was condemn'd to endlesse night
Except I past my vow neuer to steale
My fathers fleshles bones from that base tree
I know nor who it was, I guesse your mother,
She kneeld and wept for me, (but you did not)
Beseeching from that vow I might be freed
Then did I sweare if Nations forraigne power
Compel'd me to take downe those naked bones
I neuer would release them from those chaines
Neuer intombe them, but immediately
Remoue them from that gallowes to a tree
I kept mine oath: looke *Lunningberg*; tis done
Behold a father hang'd vp by his sonne

Otho Oh horrible aspect murtherer stand off
I know thou meanst mee wronge

Hoff. My Lord behold these pretious twines of light
Burnt out by day eclips't when as the sunne
For shame obscur'd himselfe this deed was done
Where none but schrich owles sing, thou receptacle
thou organ of the soule;
Rest, goe rest, and you most louely Couplets
Leggs and armes reclide, for euer heere

This

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This is my last farewell, what doe you weepe?

Otho Oh *Lorrique* I am betrayd, flane touch me not

Hoff Not touch thee? yes, and thus trip downe thy pride.

You pla't my father in a Chaire of state:

This earth shall bee your throne, villaine come forth

Enter Lorrique.

And as thou mean'st to saue thy forseit life,

Fixe on thy Masters head my burning Crowne,

While in these Cords, I in eternall bands

Binde fast his base and coward trembling hands.

Otho *Lorrique*, art thou turn'd villaine to my life.

Lor. Ile turne any thing fir rather then nothing, I was taken,
life promist to betray you, and I loue life so well, that I would
not loose it for a Kingdome, for a Kings Crowne, an Empire.

Hoff. On with the Crowne.

Otho Oh tortor aboue measure.

Hoff. My father felt this paine, when thou hadst pleasure.

Otho Thy father dyed for piracy.

Ho. Oh peace, had he bin iudge himselfe, he would haue shew'd

He had bin clearer then the Christall morne!

But wretches sentenc'd neuer finde defence,

How euer guiltlesse bee their innocence,

No more did hee, no more shalt thou, no ruth

Pittied his winter age, none helps thy youth.

Otho Oh *Lorrique* tortor, I feele an *Aetna* burne

Within my braines, and all my body else

Is like a hill of Ice, all these *Belgique* seas

That now, surround vs cannot quench this flame

Death like a tyrant seazeth me vnawares,

My sinewes shrinke like leaues parcht with the sunne

My blood dissolues, nerves and tendons fayle

Each part's disioynted, and my breath expires

Mount soule to heauen, my body burnes in fire.

Lor. Hee's gon.

Hoff. Goe let him come *Lorrique*.

This but the prologue to the ensuing play.

The

The Tragedy of Ioffman,

The first step to reuenge, this scene is donne
Father I offer thee thy murderers stone.

Exeat,

*Florish. Enter Ferdinand, Rodorick, Lodowick, Mathias,
Lucifer, Ierom, Stile, attendants.*

Ferd. Princes of Saxony and Austria,

Though your owne words are of sufficient weight
To iustifie the honorable loss borne by *Lodowick* to bright
Yet since your parents live and as I heare (*Lucybell,*
There is betwene them some dissention,
Blame vs not for detaining you thus long
Till we had notice how the businesse stood

Lodo. Your royall enterteine great *Ferdinand,*
Exceeding expectation in our stay,
Bind vs to thanks, and if my brother please
To hold his challenge for a Turnament
In praise of *Lucibellas* excellence,
No doubt our father and the *Austrian* duke
Will be in person at so royall sport.

Ferd. We trust they will.

Rodo. I doe assure your grace

The *Austrian* and the duke of *Saxony*
By true report of pilgrimes at my cell
From eyther of these courts set hetherward
Some sixe dayes since.

Ferd. Thanks *Rodorick* for this newes
They are more welcome then the sad discourse
Of *Leningsberg* our nephewes timeles wrake
Which addeth sorrow to the mourning griefes
Abound in vs for our Dutches death.

I.e. I truly Princes, my father has had but hard lucke since your
coming to his court, for ought I know you are bred of ill
weather, come before you are sent for, yet if my most gracious
father say you are welcome, I his more gracious sonne take you
by the hands, though I can tell you my mothers death comes
somewhat neere my heart, but I am a prince, and princes haue
power

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power more then common people to subdue their passions.

Mat. We know your worthinesse is experienc't in all true wisedome.

Ier. True, I am no foole, I haue bin at *Wittenberg*, where wit growes.

Ferd. Peace thou vnshapen honor, my states shame,
My ages cosine, and my blacke sinnes curse,

Oh hadst thou neuer bin, I had bin then,

A happy childlesse man, now among men,

I am the most votappie, one that knowes

No end of mine, and of my peoples woes.

I tell you Princess, and most gracious maide;

I doe not weare these sable ornaments

For *Isabel*'s death, though she were deare,

Nor are my eyelids ouerflowne with teares;

For *Otho* of *Luningberg*, wrackt in the Soun,

Though he were a l my lepe: but heere's my care,

A wittiesse foole must needs be *Persu* his heire.

Ier. Well, and you were not my father, — snailles, and I
would not draw rather then put vp the foole, would I
might neuer winne this lady at tilt and turnament: as
Knights, I chuse you both for her; euen you *Lodowick*, that
loues her, and your brother that loues you: looke to
me, *Stult*, and I haue practis'd these two dayes: snailles god
forgiue me to sweare, she shal not be carried away so.

Mat. We are glad to heare your grace so resolute.

Ier. As I am a Prince, and a Dukes heire, though I say it
my selfe, I am as full of resolution as the proudest of you
all.

Luci. I thanke Prince *Lodowick* he ha's bound my youth
To bee the conquerers prize, and if my starres
Allott me to be yours, I will be proude,
For how so ere you seeme not fashioned
Like mee, and cunning Courtiers; I protest,
By some small loue I care thee in mine eye,
Your worthy beautie, wealth and dignity.

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Ier. Heart you would not vnhoise Hercules for her father, ile practice againe at Danzike, you say in the Dukes meade; ile meete thee *Mathias*: ther's my gloue For a gauntlet, though my father count me a foole, you shall finde me none. *Exit.*

Ferd. Would I might neuer find thee any thing,
For thou indeede art nothing in esteeme,
My sad soule sinks with sorrow at thy sight.

Enter Lorrigne.

Lor. Health to the right gracious, generous, vertuous,
and valorous *Ferdinand* Duke of Prussia.

Ferd. Hermet dost thou not know this young mans face?
I'ft not *Lorrigne*, that met vs at thy cell
With letters from our brother *Lunningberg*?

Rodo. It is that gentleman.

Lor. I am no lesse.

Ferd. thou sayd'st thou wast my nephewes playfellow,
Appointed to await his vertuous person,
How is it then thou wert so ill aduised
To take the land away, and forsake thy Lord?
Whom I haue neuer seene, nor neuer may,
Though in his life my hope and comfort lay.

Lor. Be it knowne right gracious: *Lorrigne* had neuer so little grace, as to leaue his loued lord for weather or water, for torture or fire, for death or for life, since I first came to moue in a pilgrims proportion, much disguised, being so proper a man: but onely for those sixe words; that I was sent wholly to giue notice of his coming.

Ferd. But thou hast left him now sunke in the sea.

Lor. I left the ship sunke, and his highnesse sau'd, for when all hope had left Master and pilot, sailer and swabber, I caus'd my Lord to leape into the cocke, and for feare she should be sunke with too much company; I caper'd out, and cut the cable: rowse, quoth the ship against the rocks, roomer cry I in the cocke, my Lord wept for the company: I laught to comfort him; last by the power of heauen,
good

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goodnesse of stars, kindnesse of winds, mercy of the waues,
our cocke and wee were cast a shore vnder Keeshopscurre,
we clamberd vp, but hauing scap't drowning, were in dan-
ger of killing.

Ferd. What there betided you?

Lor. Marry in Lord a young villaine, sonne of a damn'd
pirate, a mayd rauisher.

Ferd. Be briefe, what was he?

Lor. *Cleis Hoffman.*

Ferd. Oh my heart! did the false rebell hurt his soueraignes
sonne?

Lor. Noe my Lord, the prince so hought and host him,
that he had no other he pe but to his heeles, and then I, my
good Lord, being roefooted, outstript him in running, tript
him by strength, and in fine, finely cut's the oar.

Ferd. Where is the villaines body?

Lor. Marry eu'n heaued ouer the scarr, and sent a swim-
ming toward Burtholme, his old habitation; if it bee not
intercepted by some Seale, Sharke, Surgeon, or such like.

Ferd. Where is our nephew?

Lor. He intends to stay at the same hermitage, where I
saluted your excellence, with newes of my loids excellen-
cies intent, to visite you; for that his apparrell is some-
what sea-sicke, and he wants shift.

Ferd. A chamber, and rich robes attend *Lorrique.*

And his reward, be thirtene hundred doiers,
For he hath driuen dolour from our heart.

Princes, and Princesses, in your kindest loue,

Attend our person to the hermitage,

where we shall meete the bene of two great States;

Rich Luningberg, and waslike *Prussus*,

Orto liuing, wee'l dishaierit our fond sonne;

And blesse all Dantzike, by our sonne elect,

Hermet you haue at home, a guest of ours,

Your little cell, is a great princes court;

Had you bin there to entertaine young *Orto*,

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He would haue tooke your welcome thankfully,
Where now he mournes, for want of company.

Rodo. I will goe on before my gracious Lord.

Ferd. Nay I am ielous of my approaching ioy,
And fearefull, any eye but mine, should gaue
The pleasure of my glad diuining soule;
Forward come all, in my delight take part,
He that's now glad, addes ioy to gladnes heart.

Exeunt

Enter Clois Hoffman.

If there liue ere a surgeon that dare say
He could doe better: i'e play *Mercury*,
And like fond *Marfias* flea the *Quack* saluers:
There were a sort of filthy *Mounebanks*,
Expert in nothing but in idle words,
Made a daies worke, with their incision kniues
On my opprest poore father: silly man,
Thraisting there dastard fingers in his flesh,
That durst not while he liued, behold his face;
I haue fitted my anatomy
In a faire chaine to; acher this youth scorn'd
When he was set in an ascending throne,
To haue you stand by him; would he could see,
How the case alters, you shall hang by him,
And hang afore him to, for all his pride,
Come image of bare death, ioyne side, to side,
With my long iniur'd fathers naked bones;
He was the prologue to a Tragedy,
That if my destinies deny me not,
Shall passe those of *Thyestes*, *Tereus*,
Iocasta, or Duke *Iafons* ielous wife;
So shut our stage vp, there is one act done
Ended in *Othos* death; 'twas somewhat single;
Ile fill the other fuller, if *Lorrique*,
That I haue lately worne to be mnrdrers slaue,
Sweares hee will protest me to be *Othos*,
Whom *Prussia* his vncke vnknowne loues;

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If I be taken for him well : Oh then !
Sweet vengeance make me happiest of all men :
Prussia, I come as comets against change :
As apparitions before mortall ends ;
If thou accept me for thy nephew, so ;
Vncle, ile vr cle thee of thy proud life.
Father farewell, ile to the hermitage,
Where if I be receaued for *Luningberg*,
I will haue thy drie bones, sanguin'd all or'e
With thy foes blood, *Rhamnusia* helpe thy priest,
My wrong thou know'st, my willingnesse thou seest.

Exit.

Actus secundus.

Enter Ierom and Stilt.

Ier. Come *Stilt*, bestirre your stumpes ; you know I must
be a tilter.

Stilt. I my lord, I know you should be one, but, I hope
you are not so madd.

Ier. what dost thou count it madnesse to runne a tilt.

Stilt. I my Lord, for you that cannot sit a hobby, you'le
hardly manage your tilthorse.

Ier. Why they say *Stilt*, that stone Mares are gentler, see
if thou canst get me one of them.

Stilt. Not afore next grassie ; I could helpe you now to a
stone mule, a stone asse.

Ier. Well, ile trie one course with thee at the halfe pike,
and then goe, come draw thy pike.

Stilt. That's not your fit word ; you must say, aduance
your pike, and you must be here sir, and here, you'le neuer
learne for all my teaching.

Ier. I haue answered you *Stilt*, that Princes haue no need
to bee taught, and I haue e'en determin'd with my selfe,
not to runne at tilt, least I hazard my horse and harnesse :
therefore

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therefore ile to the court, and onely see my new cousin, that they sayd was drownd: and then retire to my Castle at *Helsen*, and there write a new poem, that I haue taken paines in, almost thre ten yeares: It is in prayse of picket-toothes.

Stile. That will be excellent my Lord, the barbers will buy thre poems aboanably.

Ierom. Nay first, I: get a patent from the Duke, my father, for the *Cum Privilegio* for that poem, *Ad imprimeendum solum*; besides thou shalt haue a primiedge, that no man shall fill toothpicks without thy scale: my father saies I am a foole, but I thinke I bestow my time to looke out for setting a new nappe vpon his thredbare Common wealth: Who's that knokes? who dares disturbe our honorable meditation? ha ke *Stile*, dost thou see no noyse?

Stile. No, but I heare a noyse.

Ierom. A hall then; my father and my new cousin: stand aside, that I may set my countenance, my beard brush and mirror, *Stile*, that set my countenance right to the mirror of Knight-hood, for your mirror of magistrates is somewhat to sober. how lik'st me?

Stile. Oh excellent! heers your casting bottle.

Ierom. Sprinkle, good *Stile*, sprinkle, for my late practise hath brought mee into strange fauour: ha mother of mee, thou hadst almost blinded the eyes of excellence; but *curia bene*, let them approach now, and I appeare not like a Prince, let my father castheere me, as some say hee will.

Stile. Castheere you? no, doe but manage your body, and haue heere, and heere your congies, and then *quid loquitur*, *Stile* knowes, and all the court shall see.

Hoboyes.

Enter Ferdinand leading Clois Hoffman: Mathias, and Lordes leading Lucibella: Lorrrique, with other lords attending: comming neere the chaire of state, Ferdinand Asceends, places Hoffman at his seete, sets a Coronet on his head, A Herald proclaimes.

Lorell

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Her. *Ferdinand* by the diuine grace, prince of *Heidelberg*, lord of *Pomer*, and Duke of *Prussia*, for sundry reasons him mouing, the quiet state of his people especially: which as a witlesse and insufficient prince, disinherits *Leorom Heidelberg* his knowne sonne, and adopteth *Orhoof Luningberg* his sisters sonne, as heire, immediately to succeed after his death in all his prouinces. God saue Duke *Ferdinand*, and *Orho* his heire.

Florish.

Ferd. Amen, Heauen witnesse, how my heart is pleas'd,
With the conceit of *Prussia* after-peace,
By this election.

Ier. Why? but heare you father.

Ferd. Away, disturbe vs not, let's in and feast,
For all our country in our choyce is blest.

Florish.

Exeunt.

Ier. Why, but *Stilt*, what's now to be done *Stilt*?

Stilt. Nay that's more then I know: this matter will trouble vs more then all your poem of picktooths, & nailes: you were better be vnknighthed then vnprinc'd, I haue lost all my hope of preferment, if this hold.

Ier. Noe more *Stilt*, I haue it heere; 'tis in my head, and out it shall not come, till red reuenge in robes of fire, and madding mischief runne and raue: they say I am a foole *Stilt*, but follow me, I'll seeke out my notes of Machiuel, they say hee's an odd politician.

Stilt. I faith hee's so odd, that he hath driuen euery honesty from all mens hearts.

Ier. Well, sword come forth, and courage enter in,
Brest breake with griefe; yet hold to be reueng'd:
Follow me *Stilt*; widdowes vnborne shall weepe,
And beardless boyes with armour on their backs
Shall beare vs out, *Stilt* we will tread on stils,
Through the purple panement of the court,
Which shall bee, let me see, what shall it be?
No court, but euery caue of misery.

Ther's

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Ther's an excellent speech *Siile*, follow me, pursue me,
will acquire,

And either die, or compasse my desire.

Siile. Oh braue master, not a Lord: O, *Siile* will walke, and
make the earth a stage,

But hee will haue thee lord in sight of rage.

Exeunt.

Enter Rodorigo, and Austria's Duke, some followers.

Rod. Sir since you are content, you heere shall finde,
A sparing supper, but a bounteous minde:
Bad lodging, but a heart as free, and generous,
As that which is fed with generous blood,

Aust. Your hermitage is furnish't for a prince.

Rod. Last night this rooſe couer'd the ſacred heads
Of ſiue moſt noble, faire, and gracious Princes,
Duke *Ferdinand* himſelfe, and *Oſho* his nephew,
The ſonnes of *Saxon*, and the *Austrian* Princeſſe.

Aust. Oh god! that girl, which fled my Court and loue,
Making loue colour for her heedles flight,

Rod. Pardon great prince: are you the *Austrian* duke?

Aust. Hermet I am, *Saxons* proud wanton ſonns
Were entertain'd like *Prison's* Firebrand.
At Sparta: all our State gladly appear'd
Like chierfull *Lacedaemons*, to receaue
Thoſe *Dæmons* that with magicke of their tongues,
Bewitch't my *Lucibells* my *Helen's* cares.

Knocking and calling within.

Rod. Who traueleth ſo late? who knockes ſo hard?

Turne to the eaſt end of the Chappell, pray;

We are ready to attend you.

Enter duke of Saxony.

Sax. Which is the way to *Danzike*?

Rod. There is no way to *Dantzike* you can finde
Without a guide thus late, come neere I pray,

Sax. looke to our hories, by your leaue maſter Hermet,

wee

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

We are soone bidden, and will proue bold guests:
God saue you sir.

Ans. That should bee Saxons tongue.

Sax. Indeed I am the Duke of Saxony.

Ans. Then art thou farther to lasciuious sonnes,
That haue made *Austria* childles. (cuse,

Sax. O subtil duke, thy craft appeares in framing thy ex-
Thou dost accuse my yong sons innocence:

I sent them to get knowledge, learne the tongues,

Not to be metamorphis'd with the view

Of flattering beauty, peraduenture painted.

Ans. No, I defie thee Iohn of Saxony;

My *Lucibell* for beauty needs no art,

Nor doe I thinke the vertues of her minde

Euer inclind to this ignoble course:

But by the charmes and forcings of thy sonnes. (Duke.

Sax. Oh would thou durst maintaine thy words prowd

Rodo. I hope great Princes, neither of you dare

Commit a deede so sacrilegious: This holy cell

Is dedicated to the sonne of peace;

The foot of war neuer prophan'd this floore,

Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voyce

Affright these buildings; charity with prayer,

Humility with abstinence combin'd,

Are heere the guardians of a griued minde.

Ans. Father we obey thy holy voyce;

Duke Iohn of Saxony, receiue my faith;

Till our eares heare the true course thy sonnes

Haue taken with my fond and mis-led child.

I proclaime truce, Why dost thou sullen stand?

If thou meane peace, giue me thy Princely hand:

Sax. Thus doe I plight thee troth, and promise peace.

Ans. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart;

In vowes of combination, ther's a grace

That shewes the intention in the outward face,

Looke cherefully, or I expect no league.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Sax. First giue me leaue to view a while the person,
Of this Heimet, *Austria* note him well,
Is he not like ^{my} your brother *Rodorick*?

Aust. Hee's like him, but I heard he lost his life
Long since in *Persia*, by the *Sophis* warres.

Rod. I heard so much my Lords, but that report
Was purely fain'd, spread by myerring tongue,
As double as my heart, when I was yonge:
I am that *Rodorick* that aspir'd your throne;
That vile false brother who with rebell breath,
Drawne sword, and trecherous heart threatned your death.

Sax. My brother I say, then i' faith old Iohn lay by
Thy sorrowing thoughts, turne to thy wonted veyne,
And be madd Iohn of *Saxony* againe.

Mad *Rodorick*, art aliue? my mothers sonne,
Heriroy and her last birth; oh she coniu'd me
To vse thee thus, and yet I banisht thee:
Body of me; I was vnkinde I know,

But thou deseru'dst it then; but let it goe:
Say thou wilt leaue this life thus truly idle,
And liue a Statesman, thou shalt share in raigne,
Commanding all but me thy soueraigne.

Rod. I thanke your Highnes; I will thinke on it:
But for my finnes this sufferance is more fit.

Sax. Tut, title, rattle, tell not me of sinne.
Now *Austria* once againe thy Princely hand:
Hee looke thee in the face, and smile, and sweare,
If any of my sonnes haue wrong'd thy child,
Hee helpe thee in reuenging it my selfe;
But if as I beleue they meane, but honor,
As it appeareth by these iusts proclaim'd.
Then thou shalt be content to name him thine,
And thy faire daughter ile account as mine.

Aust. Agreed.

Sax. Ah *Austria* it was a world when you and I
Ran these Carreers; but now we are stiffe and drie.

Aust.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Auf. I am glad you are so pleasant my good Lord.

Sax. I was my old mood, but I was soon return'd sad;
With ouer grieving for this long lost lad;
And now the Boy is growne, as old as I,
His very face as full of gravity.

Rod. Please your Graces enter,
I know the seruants that attend one the
By the appointment of Duke *Ferdinand*
By this haue couered.

Sax. Why then let's in: brother I trust, and brother
Hold you this hand, *Roderick* hold thou the other,
By heauen my heart with happinesse is crow'nd,
In that my long lost brother now is found:

Exeunt.

Enter Clois Hoffman solus.

Hoff. so run on fate, my destinies are good,
Reuenge hath made me great by shedding blood:
I am suppos'd the heire of *Lunsberg*,
By which I am of *Prussia* Prince elect.
Good: who is wrong'd by this? onely a foole:
And 'tis not fit that Idiots should beate riles.

Enter Lorrigue.

Lo. My Lord I haue as you miou'd, intic't *Saxons* elder
sonne to talke with you: and heere hee comes with his
most excellent, amorous, and admirable Lady.

Hoff. Ha'st thou the Hermet's weeds for my disguise?

Lor. Allready, fit, fit in the next chamber, your beard is
point-vice, not a faire amisse.

Hoff. Faithfull *Lorrigue* in thy vnfaithfulness:
I kisse thy cheek, and giue thee in that kisse
The noitie of all my earthly blisse.

Exit.

Lor. Good: I am halfe a Monarke: halfe a fiend
Blood I begun in and in blood must end
yet this *Clois* is an honest villaine, ha's conscience in his kil-
ling of men: he kills none but his fathers enemies, and there
issue, 'tis admirable, 'tis excellent, 'tis well 'tis' meritorious,
where? in heauen? no, hell.

D 2

Enter

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Lodowick and Lucibella.

Lod. Now friend, where is prince *Otho*?

Lor. Sad, fir, and grieved.

Luci. Why? prithee why?

Lor. Alas I know not why.

The hermet *Roderigo* talkt with him

Somewhat of you, and somewhat of the Duke,

About surprizing you and murdering *Lodowick*:

Or such a thing, nay sure 'twas such a thing.

Luci. Surprizing me and murdering *Lodowick*.

Lod. By whom? by what complor?

Lor. Sure by the Duke, the Duke's an odd old lad:

I know, this night ther's set a double guard,

And ther's some trick in that: but patience:

Heere comes the Hermet: holy reuerent man!

Enter Clois Hoffmanlike a hermet.

Somewhat important, wings his aged feete

With speedy numblenelle: heauen graunt that all be well.

Clois. Princes in pittie of your youth, your lone,

Your vertues, and what not, that may moue ruth,

I offer you the tender of your liues,

Which yet you may preserve: but if you stay,

Death and destruction waiteth your delay.

Lod. Who hath conspir'd our deathes? speake reuerent man.

Clo. The Duke of *Prussia*, doating on this face;

Worthy indeed of wonder, being so faire,

This night hath plotted, first to murder you;

The guard are set that you may not escape,

Within, without, and round about the court;

Onely one way, thorow Prince *Otho* his lodging

Is left; heere is the key, and for more prooffe

Of my great zeale and care, on with these robes.

within

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Within are Grecian habits for your heads ;
Nay if you love life do not stand amaz'd,
But take the path toward my hermitage,
Yet I advise you, that you goe not in;
There may be plots to, for ought I know;
But turne downe by the river, ther's a way
Leadsto a little Chappell; in that porch
Stay, till I visit you with better newes ;

Lod. I will but call my brother, and then goe.

Clo. That were a going neuer to returne:
I'll send him after you, be well assur'd.

Luci. Oh god! the Duke of *Prussia* grown thus false,
Such shewes off freindship, and so little faith.

Lod. Come *Lucibella* lets embrace this meane,
Duke *Ferdinand* shall with a sorrowing heart,
Repent this base dishonourable plot:
Father, our fortunes if they sort aright,
Shall with continuall thankfulnessse requite
This vertuous and this charitable care:
Farewell: wee'l wait thee in the Chappell porch
Bring Prince *Adrias* our kind brother thither,
And thou shalt add good works to charity:
Once more farewell *Lorrique*; ther's for thee,
Commend me to thy Lord, tell him this wronge
Of his false vncke, shall meete full reuenge:
But doe to him our duties. Come chaste, faire,
We must not now by tilt and turnameur
Maintayne thy honor: for thy champion Knight,
Is for't by treason to vnwilling flight.

Exit.

Clo. so runne to mischiefe: Oh my deare *Lorrique*!
When I haue summ'd vp my account of death,
And rob'd those fathers of their lifes and ioy,
That rob'd mee of my ioy, my fathers life,
Thus thy hand clasp't in mine, wee'l waike and meditate,
And boast in thy reuenges I haue wrought;

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

That done; ile seat thee by m. throne of state;
And make thee riuall in those governments,
That by thy secrecy thou list it me to;
Shalt bea Duke at least.

Lor. I thanke your Grace, but pray resolue me,
What you now intend,
To theie three Princes *Lodowick*, and *Mathias*,
And the thrice beaurious Princesse *Lucibell*.

Hoff. Death certaine: call in *Mathias*, if my plot proue
good, ile make one brother shed the others blood.

Lor. I am nimble as your thought, deuise, ile execute
what you command.

Exit.

Clo. A pretious villaine: a good villaine too :
Well if he be no worthe; that is doe worse,
And hony me in my death- stinging thoughts,
I will preferre him: he shall be prefer'd
To hanging peradventure; why not? tis well

Enter Lorraine.

His sufferance heere may saue his soule from hell.

Hee comes; what newes my faithfull seruant? wher's the

Lor. Hee's talking with the lady *Lucibell*, (Prince,

And when I said your Highnesse sent for him,

Hee 'gan with courtly salutations,

To take his leaue and to attend your grace.

Clo. Well god-a-mercy friend, thou got't me grace;

But more of that at leasure: take this gowne;

My cloake, a chaîne; I must turne melancholy.

Enter Mathias.

Secend what ere I say, approoue my words;

That we may moue *Mathias* to mad rage.

Mat. God saue your excellence: what sad, dull, heauy?

O are you now in meditation

Which part to take to morrow at the Tilt?

the

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

The mead is ringd with tents of stranger Knights;
Whose rich deuices, and capanions
Exceed the *Persian* Monark's, when he met
Destruction and pale death: sent from the sword
Of *Philips* sonne, and his stout Macedons
Cheerely Prince *Otho* ther's such a warlike sight
That would stirre vp a leaden heart to fight.

Clo. For what?

Mat. For honor and faire *Lucibell*.

Clo. Oh Prince *Mathias*! it is ill combin'd
When honor is with tickle beautie joynd.
Where is your most Princely brother?

Mat. I cannot tell: I left him with his loued *Lucibell*.

Clo. But shee has got another loue,
Dishonored all this rich assembly,
Left the memoriall of such infamy,
As cannot die while men haue memory.

Mat. How? pray you how? what hath the princeesse done?

Clo. she with a Grecian is but new fled hence,
Be like some other loue of hers before:
Our tilt and turnament is spoild and crost.
The faire we should defend, her faith hath lost.

Mat. Fled with a Grecian? saw you them goe Prince *Otho*?

Clo. I, I, I saw them goe.

Mat. And would not stay them?

Clo. My true seruant knowes,
How at the sight of such inconstancy
My gentle heart was smitt with inward grieve
And I sunke downe with sorrow. (harlot-steps.)

Mat. s death; what path? which way? that I may track her
Fied now: gone now: ile goe seeke *Lodowicke*

Clo. Nay then you add an irreligious worke,
To there lasciuious act; follow your selfe,
I and my man will beare your company
Lorrique, as I thinke, thou nam'dst a chappell,
A Hermet, some such thing: I haue lost the forme.

Lor.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Lo. I heard her say, she could not trauell far,
He told her, they would rest the dead of night;
Neere to a chappell, by a hermitage.

Mat. Where is that chappell? where's that hermitage?
If you loue honor Princely *Luningberg*,
Let's to that chappell: if you know the way,
That I may kill our shame, etc it see day.

Clo. He guide you to the chappell, ayd your arme,
In your reuenge, against that Crecian,
But for the Lady spare her; she is faire.

Mat. I will doe what I can; oh heil of life!
Who, but a foole would strue to winne a wife?
shall we call *Lodowick*?

Clo. noe, it would smite his soule in sunder, split his heart,
If he should heare of such adulterate wronge,
Couer the fault or pun sh as you please:
Yet I would saue her faire, for she deserves
pitty for beanty.

Mat. Nothing, noe for nothing.
Shee is as harlors, faire, like guilded tombe
Goodly without; within all rottennes:
shee's like a painted fire vpon a hill,
set to allure the frost-nipt passengers,
And starue them after hope: she is indeede
As all such strumpets are, Angell in show,
Diuell in heart: Come, come if you loue me goe.

Exit

Clo. Follow *Lorrique*; we are in the right way.

Exit.

Lor. To hell I feare: tush let all feare goe by,
Whoo! shun a bad way with good company.

Exit.

Actus tertius.

Enter | Lodowick and Lucibell.

Lod. Are you not faint diuinest *Lucibell*?

Luci.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Luci. Noe, the cleare moone strowes silver in our path,
And with her moist eyes weepes a gentle dew
Vpon the tlie spotted pavement of the earth,
Which so tens euery flowre whercon I tread
Besides; all trauell in your company
Seemes but a walke made in some goodly bowre,
Where loues faire mother strips her paramour.

Lod. This is the Chappell, and behold a banke,
Cover'd with sleeping flowers, that misse the Sunne:
Shall Wee repose vs till *Mashim* come?

Luci. The Helmet will soone bring him, let's sit downe,
Nature, or art hath taught these boughes to spread,
In manner of an arbour o're the banke.

Lod. No, they bow downe as vailles to shadow you:
And the fresh flowers beguiled by the light
Of your celestiaall eyes, open there leaues,
And when they entertaine the lord of day
You bring them comfort like the Sunne in May.

Luci. Come, come, you men will flatter beyond meane:
Will you sit downe? and raile of the late wronge
Intended by the Duke o' *Prussia*?

Lod. Fairest forger it, leaue till we are cleare freed hence,
I will defie him, and cause all the knights
Assembled for our purpos'd turnament,
To turne there keene swords 'gainst his catiue head.

Luci. Prithce no more, I feele thy blood turne hot,
And wrath inflames thy spirit, let it cease;
Forgiue this fault, & nuert this war to peace.

Lod. O breath sweet touch with what a heauenly charme
Doe your soft fingers my wa - boughes disarm,

Prussia had reason to attempt my life
Inchanted by the magicke of these lookes,
That cast a luster on the blushing stars.
Pardon chaste Queene of beauty, make me proude
To rest my toild head on your tender knee,
My chin with sleepe is to my bosome bow'd;

E

faire,

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Faire if you please a little rest with mee.

Luci. No, ile be Centinell; ile watch for feare
Of venomous wormes, or wolues, or woluish theeues;
My hand shall fanne your eyes, like the film'd winges
Of drowlie morpheus; and my voyce shall sing
In a low compasse for a *Lucibell*.

Sleepe sweets, perhaps ile sleepe for company.

Lod. I thanke you; I am drowfie, sing I pray;
Or sleepe: doe what you please, I am heauy, I;
God night to all our care: oh I am blest
By this soft pillow where my head doth rest.

Hee sleeps.

*By my troth I am sleepey too: I cannot sing,
My heart is troubled with some heauy thing.*

Rest one these violets, whilst I prepare,

In thy soft slumber to receiue a share:

Blash not chaste Moone to see a virgin lie

So neere a Prince, 'tis noe immodestie:

For when the thoughts are pure, noe time, noe place,

Hath power to worke faire chastities disgrace;

Lodowick I claspe thee thus; so arme clip arme,

So sorrow fold them that wish true loue harme.

Sleeps.

Enter Lorrique, Mathias, Clois Hoffman.

Mat. Art sure thou'st found them?

Lor. Look, are these they?

Mat. Adulterer: trumpet.

Lod. Oh!

Luci. Oh!

Clo. Vnhumane deede to kill both.

Mat. Both haue abus'd our glory, both shall bleed,

Luci. how now! what haue ye done? my *Lodowick* bleeds.

Some sauage beast hath fixt his ruthles fange

In my soft body: *Lodowick*, I faint,

deers

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Deere wake; my *Lodowick*: alas what meanes
Your brest to be thus wet? I'ft blood or sweat?

Lod. Who troubles me?

Mat. Brother.

Lod. Who is that? *Mathias*.

Mat. I, accursed I,

Lod. Wher's the good *Hermet*? thanke him for his loue,

Yet tell him; *Ferdinand* of *Prussia*

Hath a long arme; some murderer of his

hath kild vs sleeping.

Luci. Kild thee? Oh no! I trust the carefull destinies deny

So hard a fate: 'tis I alone am kild.

Come *Lodowick*, and close vp my night-vaild eies

That neuer may agen behold the day.

Hoff. What meanes *Mathias*?

*He off vs to Kild
himselfe.*

Mat. Hold me not *Prince Otho*.

I will reuenge my selfe vpon my selfe:

For Parricide for damned parricide:

I haue kild my brother sleeping in the arme

Of the diuineft forme that e're he d breath.

I haue kild *Lues* *Queene* defac't with my foule hand;

The goodliest frame that euer nature built

And diu'n the graces from the mansion

Wherein they haue continued from their birth;

She now being dead, shee'l dwell no more on earth;

Lod. What moued you to it brother?

Mat. Iealous rage, suspicion by *Prince Otho*,

That *Lucibell* had fled with a bawd *Greeke*,

Oh me accursed! I am borne to shame.

Clo. But I am wretcherd, that from the loue

Deuor'd to the house of *Saxony*,

Haue thus begot this monster cruelty:

I lay within an arbour, whence I saw

The princeesse, and your selfe in this disguise

Departing secretly my vnckles court:

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

I iudg'd you for a Greeke as you appear'd,
Told Prince *Mathias* of your secret flight;
And hee led on by fury followed you
Where thus deceas'd by night and your attire,
Hath rob'd your heart of life, his owne of ioy.

Mat. Forgiue me brother, pardon fairest maide,
And ere the icy hand of ashie death
Kiss'd your faire bodies in this sable vaile;
Discouer why you put on this disguise.

Lod. To scape the lustfull Duke of *Prussia*,
Who purpos'd this night to murder me,
And rauish her whom death hath made his pray
My *Lucibell*, whose lights are mask't with clouds
That neuer will be cleard.

Hoff. My vncle, sic, who buz'd into your head
This damned lie?

Lod. it's no lie.

Luc. Noe lie: 'tis true, 'tis true,
The reuerent Hermet *Roderick* told it vs.

Hoff. The Hermet is a villaine dam'd in hell
Before the worlds creation, if he sai't
My Princely vncle purpos'd such a thought.
Looke to the Princesse, ther's life in her: (mans.
Cheere vp your heart Prince *Lodowicke*, courage
Your being of comfort may recouer her,
While I bring forth the Hermet and disprooue
This false assertion: *Roderick* is a flane
A vile and irreligious hypocrite,
No Hermet, but a diuell if he dare
Affirme such falshood of Duke *Ferdinand*.

Enter Roderigo, Saxony, and Austria.

Rodo. *Roderick* is not as you report him sic,
Nor did he ere belie Duke *Ferdinand*.

Hoff. No did? why then did you maliciously

aduse

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Advise Prince Lodowick and faire Lucibell
To sit the *Prussian* court this dismall night.

Rodo. Who I? I spake not with them,

Lodo. Yes yedid.

Sax. Where was it that he spake with you? tell vs where?

Lodo. At Dantzike in the Duke of *Prussia* court.

Sax. Who heard him besides you?

Lod. The Princefle *Lucibell*.

Luci. As heauen shall helpe my fleeing soule, I did.

Aust. why speakes my dukedomes hope in hollow sounds?

Looke vp fayre child heer's *Saxony* and I

Thy father, *Lucibella* looke on me;

I am not angry that thou fled'st away

But come to grace thy nuptials; prithee speake.

Luci. Father I thanke you: *Lodowick* reach me thy hand

How cold thou art; death now assailes our hearts.

Having triumph't ouer the outward parts;

Farewell a while, we die but part, to meete

Where ioyes are certaine, pleasures endlesse, sweet.

Father, this latest boone of you I craue,

Let him, and me, lie in one bed, and grane.

Moritur.

Aust. Oh me loh miserable wretched me.

Lod. Houer a little longer blessed soule,
glidenot away too fast: mine now forsaks his ear thly man-
tion and on hopes gilt wings will gladly mount with thine,
where Angels sing celestially ditties to the King of Kings.
brother adew, your rashnesse I forgiue, pardon me father,
pardon; *Austria* your daughter is become a bride for death:
the dismall euen before her wedding day. Hermet God
pardon thee; thy double tongue hath caus'd this error:
but in peace farewell. Hee that lifts vs to Heauen keepe
shee from Hell.

Moritur.

Rod. Oh strange coniecture! what should moue this Prince
To charge me with such horrid cruelty?

Mat.

The Tragedy of Hoffman,

Mar. He tell thee hypocrite.

Sax. Stay *Mathias* stay,

It is thy vncke *Roderigo*, and besides,
My hon^{or} and Duke *Austria's* shall bee gag'd,
He neuer parted from our company in his owne hermitage
Since day decline, and glimmering twilight vs^{er}'d in the

Hoff. Not from his hermitage? (night.

Aust. Noe nor he.

Hoff. Is't possible?

Aust. By Heauen he did not.

Hoff. Then there is vllany, practice, and villainy

Mathias hath bin wrong'd and drawne to kill

His naturall brother, with him to destroy

The rarest peece of natures workmanship,

No doubt by practise and base villany

The Hermet not at court: & strange! wondrous!

Sax. Oh for my sonne, and *Austria's* worthy child.

Aust. Thou weep'st in scorn, and very teare of thine
Conceals a smile: *Saxony*, I defie

All truce, all league of loue, guard thee proud Duke;

Thy sonnes haue made me childlesse; He haue thee

Confort in death with my wrong'd girle and mee.

Hoff. Helpe Prince *Mathias*: Hermet, oh the Heauens!

The *Austrian* Duke sinkes downe vpon the earth.

Aust. Proud Iohn of *Saxony*: ha'st thou no wound?

Sax. Not any *Austria*; neither toucht I thee.

Aust. Somebody toucht me home: vaine worldfarewell

Dying I fall on my dead *Lucbell*.

Sax. Sir what are you that take on you to parte?

It's by your weapon that the Duke is slain.

Hoff. If I thought so, I'de fall vpon the point,

But I am innocent of such an ill:

Kill my good friend, Duke of *Austria*;

Then were Prince *Otho* of *Luningberg* set downe

And dispar'd blacke booke to raue and die;

But I am free from such impiety.

Sax.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Saxo. Are you Prince *Otho* of *Luningberg*?

Rodo. He is, and heire apparent to Duke *Ferdinand*.

Sax. May be the Moone deceaues me, and my griefe,

As well in the distinguishing of sounds,

As sight: I haue heard of young *Luningberg*,

And seene him to at *Hoffmans* ouerthrow,

He lookt not like you, neither spake like you.

Mat. Father, 'tis he: *Lorrique* his man attends him,

That fellow which is all compos'd of mirth

Of mirth? of death: why should I thinke of mirth

After so foule a murder? come lend hands

To giue this Princely body funerall rites,

That I may sacrifice this hand and heare

For my peace-offerings on theyr sepulchers.

Sax. Nay, boy, thou shalt not leaue old *Saxony*

Childles for all this sorrow: Prince, and if *Otho*

Helpe in my son with noble *Austria*,

Lodowick shall be my burden: brother yours

The louely but the lucklesse *Lucibell*.

So treade a heauy measure; now lets goe

To intere the dead, our hearts being dead with woe.

Exeunt carrying the dead bodies

Rod. Ther's life in *Lucibell*, for I feele *(Rodo. last with*

A breath, more odoriferous then balme *(Lucibell,*

Thirle through the corall porais of her lipps,

Apparent signes of life, her pulses beate;

Oh if I could but yet recouer her,

T'would sacrifice the State of *Austria*,

That else would be disturb'd for want of heires

Heauen be propitious, guide my artlesse hand,

To preferue fainting life in this cleare founte.

Graunt this thou soale of all Diuinity,

And I will strue what euer mortall may

Enter Hoffman and Saxony.

To serue thee on my knes both night and day.

Tarry Prince *Otho* and see theyr bodies bakn'd,

Hoff.

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Hoff. I pray you thinke me not in passion dull;
I must withdraw, and weepe, my heart is full.
Oh reuerent man, thou bearest the richest fruite;
That euer fell in the vnriperd spring,
Goe lay her soft she had ill fate, o full;
But rich or faire or strong, death swallowes all,
Holla! *Lorrique*, leaue our horse; draw neerer.

Ex. Lxx.

Enter Lorrique.

Helpe me to sing a hymne vnto the fates
Compos'd of laughing interiections.

Lor. Why may good Lord? what accidents

Haue chanc't, that tickle so your spleene?

(ueage;

Hoff. Oh my deere selfe: thou trusty treasurer of my re-
Kneele downe, and at my bidding kisse the earth;
And on her cold care whisper this strict charge:
That she provide the best of her perfumes,
The fat of Lambs rap't from the bleating Ewes,
The sweetest smelling wood she can deuise;
For I must offer vp a sacrifice.

To blest occasion that hath seconded

With opportune meanes my desire of wreake;

Lor. Now I haue kis't the earth, let me partake
In your great ioy, that seemes to exceed.

Are *Lodowick*, and the *Princesse* murder'd?

Hoff. 'Tis done; goe, hie thee to Prince *Ferdinand*;

Tell him how misaduenture and mistrust

Hath kild Prince *Lodowick* and bright *Lucibell*:

By Prince *Mashins* hand: adde to that chaunce,

Another vnexpected accident:

Say that the Dukes of *Austria* and *Saxony*,

Being by the *Hermet Roarick* intertain'd,

And hearing outcries in the dead of night,

Came and beheld the tragick spectacle,

Which sight did so enrage the *Austrian Duke*,

That he assail'd the *Saxon*, but fell slaine.

On

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On his pale daughter, new deflower'd by death;

Lor. Is *Austria* then slain by *Saxony*?

Hoff. Come, come, hee's dead, cyther by him or me;

Noe matter, hee's gone : ther's more to goe.

Runne with the newes ; away.

Exit.

Enter Stilt, and a rabble of poore souldiers : old Stilt his father, with his scarfe like a Capitaine. A sentry march.

Stilt. Father, set you the army in qeraye, while I inuocate :
The Generall *Foulkes* : *Fibs*, for man, and
Friends all, Officers ail, helpe to marshall ; Prince
Ierom my Lord shall remunerate, that, is shall be
Full of thanksgiuing, while nature is able to
Nourish, or sustayne ; Father you haue order to stay the
rest, be sententious, and full of circumstance I aduise you ;
and remember this, that more then mortality fights on
our side ; For we haue treason and iniquity to maintayne
our quarrell.

Old Stilt. Hah ! what say'st my sonne ? treason and iniquity ?

Stilt. Reason, and equity I meant Father ; ther's little
controuersity in the words : but like a Capitaine courageous,
I pray goe forward, remember the place you are, in noe
more, but this ; the dayes of old, no more, but that ; and
the glory Father ; Knighthood at least, to the viter defacing
of you and your posterity, Noe more but soe.

Exit.

O. Stilt. Well, goe thy waies : thou art able to put fire
into a Flint stone ; thou halt as rheumatique a tongue to
per-

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perswade as any is betweene *Pole* and *Pomer*; but thou art euen kitt after kind, I am thy father, and was infamous for my exprobrations, to discourage a dissembly of tall souldiers afore thou wert borne, and I haue made them stand to it tooth and nayle; how say you, most valiant and reprobate Country men: haue ye not heard I haue bin a stinger, a tickler, a wormer.

Fibi. Yes; noble, ancient Captaine *Stilt*, ye haue remou'd mens hearts I haue heard that of my father (God rest his soule,) when yee were but one of the common all souldiers that seru'd old *Sarloys* in Norway.

O. Stilt. I then was, and *Sarloys* was; a gentleman wou'd not haue giuen his head for the washing; but hee is cut of, as all valiant caualleroes shall; and they be no more negligent of themselues; But to the purpose: wee are dissembled together, and false into battayle beray in the behalfe Prince *Ierom*, a vertuous Prince, a wise Prince, and a most respectlesse Prince; my son *Timothies* master, and the vnlawfull heire of this land. Now sir the old Duke has put out a declamation, and saies our rising is noe other then a resurrection, for the Prince inspires not against his father; but the Duke inspires against his son, vsing him most naturally, charitably, and abhominably, to put him from intercession of the crowne; wherefore as yee bee true men, and obstinate subiects to the State vnouer your heads, and cast vp your caps, and cry a *Ierom*, a *Ierom*.

Om. A *Ierom*, a *Ierom*, a *Ierom*.

Enter Ierom, and Stilt.

Ier. Most noble Countrymen I cannot but condole in ioy, and smile in teares to see you assembled in my right, but this is the lamentation that I poore Prince must make, who for my fathers proclamation am like for to looke

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loose my head; except you stand to mee, for they are coming on with bowes, bills, and guns, against vs: but if you be valiant, and stand to me lustily, alth' earth shall roare but wee'l haue victory.

Enter with Drum, and Colours, Duke Ferdinand, Hoffman Lorrique, Captaine to leade the drum. the soldiers march and make a stand; All on Ieroms side cast up their caps and cry a Ierom.

Fer. Vpon those traytors valiant gentlemen
Let not that beatt the multitude confront,
With garlicke-breath and their confined cries
The Maiesty of me their awfull Duke,
Strike their Typhoean body downe to fire
That dare 'gainst vs, their soueraigne conspire.

Ier. Come, come, you shall haue your hands full, and you
Come where we haue to doe, stand to it *Silts.*

Silts. stand to't? heer's the father and the son will stand,
though all the rest flie away.

O Silts. I warrant you Prince, when the battaile comes
to ioyning, my son and I will bee inuisible, and they ouer-
come vs, ile giue you leaue to say I haue no pith in me; vp,
on vni true Prince vpon vni.

An Alarm: Hoffman kneeles betweene the Armies.

Silts. I thought twou'd come to that;
I thought we shou'd bring
The false Prince on his knees.

Fer. What means my Dukedomes hope to turne thus
base? arise, and finite thy foes.

Sarl I see them not my most honor'd vnckle; pittie I beseech
These silly people, that offend as babes,
Not vnderstanding, how they doe offend:
And suffer me chiefe agent in this wrong,
To plead their pardons with a peacefull tongue;

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Stile. We scorne pardons, Peace and pittie; wee'l haue a 'Prince of our owne chusing, Prince *Ierom*.

O. Stile. I, I, Prince *Ierom* or no body; be not obstacle old Duke, let not your owne flesh and blood bee inherited of your Dukedome, and a stranger displac'd in his rectority: for and you doe, wee will take no comparifon of you and your army, but fall vpon you like temperance and lightning.

For. Vpon your perill; gentlemen assaile.

Sarl. If any bosome meete the brunt of war,
Mine shall be first oppos'd; these honest men
That rise in armes for my young Cozens right
Shall be Protected whilst Prince *Charles* can stand.

Ier. Why see now what a thing Maiefty is;
Stile and the rest of my good people; my couzen
Charles looking but in the face of our excellence
Cannot choose but take our parte.

Stile. Nay but trust him not my Lord; take heed of him,
Aware your enemies at any hand.

For. Why should you make this intercession
For these base abjects, whose presumptuous hearts
Haue drawne their rebell bodies 'gainst their head:
Intreat not for them, they are all but dead.

Sarl. Forbeare a little worthy Countrymen.

Stile. Nay we deny that, we are none of your Countrymen;
you are an arrant arrant Alien.

O. Stile. True sonne ere peregrination, and one that was not
borne within our Dukes damnation, and therefore not to
be remitted to any vpstantiall degree of office amongst vs:
that's the sine, that's the confusion of all.

Sarl. But heare mee.

Ier. I, I, pray heare him; nay I charge you all vpon paine
of death that you heare my cozen.

Stile. he Well wee will are him: come on, speake, what
will yee say?

Sarl. O I beseech you saue your liues and goods,

For:

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For the Dukes squadrons arm'd with wrath and death,
Watch but the signall when to cceaze on you,
That can noe more with stand their approoued strengthes
Then sparrows can contend with trowing hawks :

Or 'gainst the Eagles ayery:
This act of yours by gathering to a head,
Is treason capitall, and without grace
Your liues are forfeit to extreamest law.

O. Still. Mas he saies true son ; but what's the remedy?

Still. None at all father, now wee are in, wee must 'goe
through stich.

Sarl. Yes, there is remedy : cast your weapons downe,
And arme your selues with mercy of your Prince
Who like a gracious shepherd ready stands
To take his lost sheepe home in gentle hands.
As for your Prince, I will for him intreat
That he may be restor'd againe in loue,
And vnto offices of dignity, as eyther Taster,
Sewer, Cupbearer, the place himselfe thinkes
Fittest for his state, and for my part when
That vnhappy time of Princely *Ferdinands*
Sad death shall come : ———

Which moment: ———

But should I as I say behold that houre,
Although I am elected for your Prince,
Yet would I not remoue this gentleman,
But rather serue him as his councillor.

Ier. Giue me your hand of that Cozen ; well sayd . now
gera pardon for mee, and my merry men all ; and then let
me be my fathers Taster, being the office belonging to his
eldest sonne ; I Being the same, and then you shall see mee
behaue my selfe, not as a rebell, or reprobate, but as a most
reasonable Prince, and sufficient subiect.

Still. Well since my Lord ha's sayd the word, bring that
of spake he to passe and ye shall haue my word too, and old
Still my fathers, being a man of good reproch I tell you,

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and condemnation in his country.

O. Still. I that I am my Lord, I haue liu'd in name and shame
these threescore and seuen winters, all my neighbours can
beare me testament, and accord.

Sarl. Well, rest yee quiet; Souersaigne on my knees
I beg your Highnes graunt to there request:
Suppose them lilly, simple, and your owne;
To shed their blood were iust, yet rigorous,
The praise of Kings is to prooue gracious.

Fer. True soule of honor, substance of my selfe,
Thy merit wins thee mercy, goe in peace,
Lay by your vniust armes, liue by your sweate,
And in content the bread of quiet eate.

Om. God saue Duke *Ferdinand.*

Exunt.

Ier. Pray Father, forgiue me, and my man,
And my mans father by our single felues;
For we haue bin the capitall offenders.

O. Still. I truly my Lord, we rais'd the resurrection,

Fer. I pardon all; giue thee my Tasters place:
Honor this Prince that hath thus won you grace.

O. S. T. S. God saue Duke *Ferdinand*, and Prince *Osbo.*

Ier. I and me too.

O. Still. And Prince *Ierom* too; well son, ile leaue thee a
Courtier still, and get mee home to my owne desolation,
where ile labour to compell away excessity: and so fareyee
well.

Exit.

Fer. This busines ouer: worthy nephew *Charles*,
Let vs goe visit the sad *Saxon* Duke,
The mourning Hermet,
That through affection wrought his brothers fall.

Sarl. Ile wait your Highnes to that house of woe,
Where sad mischance sits in a purple chayre,
And vnderneath her beetle cloudy browes
Smiles at vnlookt for mischances; oh there

Doct.

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Doth griefe vnpainted, in true shape appeare.

Fer. Shrill trumpets found a flourish

For the cries of war are drown'd.

Exit

Ier. Nay but cozen cozen, i't not necessary I wait
Vpon myne owne father? and *Sisls* vpon me?

Sarl. It's most expedient, be obsequious.

Noe doubt his excellence will like that well.

Enter Lorrique like a French Doctor.

Lor. Dieu vou guard Mounseieur.

Sarl. Welcome my friend, ha't any suit to me?

Lor. Away Mounseieur, if you be the grand Prince
Legitimate of *Prussia*, I haue for tendre
To your Excellence de service of one poore
Gentle home of *Champagne*.

Sarl. I am not he you looke for gentlemen,
My cozen is the true and lawfull Prince.

Ier. I sir I am the legitimate, and am able to entertayne
A gentleman though I say't and he be of any quality.

Sarl. *Lorrique*, now or neuer play thy part:
This Act is euen our Tragedies best hart.

Lor. Let me alone for plots, and villany,
Onely commend me to this scoule the Prince.

Ier. I tell thee, I am the Prince, my cozen knowes it,
That's my cozen, this is *Sisls* my man.

Lor. A vostree seruite Mounseieur most Generoux.

Sarl. Noe doubt he is some cunning gentleman
Your Grace may doe a deede besitting you
To entertaine this stranger.

Ier. It shall be done cozen; ile talke with him a little
And follow you, goe commend me to my father
Tell him I am comming, and *Sisls*, and this stranger, bee
mind'ull cozen, as you will answere to my Princely in-
dignation.

Sarl.

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Sarl. Well sir, I will be carefull, neuer doubt;
Now scarlet Mistris from thicke sable clouds;
Thrust forth thy blood-stained hands, applaud my plot;
That giddy wonderers may amazed stand
While death smyres downe suspicious *Ferdinand.*

Exit.

Stile. Sweet Prince I scarce vnderstand this fellow well,
but I like his conceit in not trusting Prince *Orbo*; you must
giue him the remooue that's flat.

Lor. I be, gar, hee be chose agen you, hee giue you good
worde, so be dat, but he will haue one sigig or dia by gar
for company on in principality be no possible.

Lor. Well, I apprehend thee, I haue a certaine Princely
feeling in my selfe that he loues me not.

Stile. Hold yee there my Lord, I am but a poore fellow
and haue but a simple liuing left me; yet my brother were
he a very naturall brother of mine owne, should hee bee
dopted, I would dopt him, and herrite him, I le fit him.

Lor. I but how *Stile*, but how?

Lor. By gar my Lord, I will tell you fine knacks, for make
him kicke vp his heeles, and cry wee, or be gar
I be hange, and so shall I be to, and for de grand loue I beare
you, for de Lady *Isabella's* sake your most tres-excellent
Lady moder.

Lor. Didst thou know her French doctor? didst thou?

Stile. I as beggars doe the Ladies that are their Almesgi-
giuers.

Lor. By gar you lye, like Iacknape, I loue de Lady.
With a boone coeur, and for her sake here take dis fame, and
dis fame, put dis in de cup, where de competitor Prince
Orbo shall drinke; by gar it will poyson him brauely.

Stile. That were excellent my Lord, and it could be done,
and noe body know on't.

Lor. I, but he alwaies drinckes in my Fathers cup.

Lor. I to let be, let de Duke drinke a de fame.

Lor. What poyson my father? noe, I like not that so well.

Lor.

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Lor. You shall drinke too, and I too, and when wee be sicke, as we shall haue a petit rumble in de belly; dan take a dis same, and giue your sadra dis: but your cozin none of it, and bygar noe body shall be dead, and kicka, and cry oh, but *Ozbo.*

Stilt. That's excellent, master.

Lor. This is the poyson then, and this is the medicine?

Lor. I dar be true.

Lor. Well Phistrian, atrend in my chamber heere, till *Stilt* and I returne; and if I pepper him not, say I am not worthy to be cald a Duke, but a drawlatch.

Stilt. Farewell awe, and iebbit a vow; and weespeede by thy practice wee'l xerush a cup of thine owne country wine.

Lor. Goespeede to spoyle yourselues:
Doctor lie there, *Lorrique*; like thy selfe appears
So now ile post vnto the Hermitage, and simile
While silly fooles act treason through my guile.

Exit

Actus quartus.

*Enter Ferdinand and Sarlos, open a curtaine: kneele
Saxony, the Hermes and Mathian:
sagrs burning.*

Sarl. See Princely vnele the blacke dormitory,
Where *Austria* and Prince *Lodowick* are layd
On the cold bed of earth, where they must sleepe
In earth and ayre, and sea consume by fire.

Fer. Their rest be peace, their rising glorious;
And mourners, giue your partners leaue to kneele,
And make their offerorie on this tombe,
That does containe the honourablest earth
That euer went vpright in *Germany*,

The Tragedy of Hoffman!

Sax. Welcome Duke *Ferdinand*, come, come, keele, keele,
Thus should each friend anothers sorrow feele.

Sarl. Is *Lucibella* in this monument?

Rod. Noe, shee's reco'ue'd from deaths violence;
But through her woundes and griefe distract of sence,

Sarl. Heauen helpe her, here she comes:

Enter Lucibella mad.

Rod. Kneele still, I pray.

Mar. Oh mee accurit! why liue I this blacke day?

Luc. Oh a sword, I pray you kill me not,

For I am going to the riuers side.

To fetch white lillies, and b'ew daffadils

To sticke in *Lodowicks* bosome, where it bled;

And in mine owne; my true loue is not dead,

Noe y^e are deceiud in him, my father is:

Reason he should, he made me run away;

And *Lodowick* too, and you *Mathias* too;

Alacke for woe, yet what a the remedy?

We must run all awaye; yet all must dye.

'Tis soe, I wrought it in a sampler,

'Twas heart in hand, and true loues knots and words,

All true stitch by my troth: the posie thus:

No slight deare loue but death, shall seuer vs;

Nor that did not neyther; he lies here does he not?

Rod. Yes louely madam, pray be patient.

Luc. I so I am, but pray tell me true,

Could you be patient, or you, or you, or you,

To loose a father and a husband too:

Yee could, I cannot; open doore here hoe!

Tell *Lodowick*, *Lucibell* would speake with him;

I haue newes from heauen for him, he must not dye,

I haue rob'd *Promethew* of his moouing fire;

Open the dore, I must come in, and will,

Ile beate my selfe to ayre, but Ile come in:

Sarl.

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Sarl. Alas her tender hands smiting the stone
Beweep their mistis rage in teares of blood.

Ferd. Faire Lady be of comfort, tis in vaine
To inuocate the dead to life againe.

Sar. I gentle Daughrer be content, I pray,
Their fate is come, and ours is not, far off.

Mat. Here is a hand ouer my fate hath power
And I now sinke vnder the stroke of death,

But that a purer spirit fills my brest
And guides me from the footsteps of dispaire.

Sarl. A heavenly motion full of charity,
Your selfe to kill you selfe were such a sinne
As most diuines hold deadly.

Luc. I but a knaue may kill one by a trick,
Or lay a plot, or sue, or cog, or prate,
Make strite, make a mans father hang him,
Or his brother, how thinke you goodly Prince;
God giue you iny of your adoption;
May nor trickes be vsd?

Sarl. Alas poore Lady.

Luc. I thats true, I am poore, and yee haue things,
And goid ring, and amitt the leaues greene,
Lord how dee, well I thanke god, why thats well;
And you my Lord, and you too; neuer a one weepe,
Must I shed all the teares I will he is gone,
And he dwells here ye layd, ha! he dwell with him,
Death, dastard, Diacil, robber of my life
Thou base adulterer, that partil man and wife
Come I desie thy darts.

Fer. O sweet for beare.
For pitties sake a while her rage restrain.

Let the doe violence vpon herselfe.

Luc. O neuer feare me, there is somewhat cries
Within menoe; tels me there's knaues abroad

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Bids mee be quiet, lay me downe and sleepe
Good night good gentlefolkes, brother your hand,
And yours good father, you are my father now,
Doe but stand here; I'll run a little course
At bafe, or barley-breake, or some fuch toye,
To catch the fellow, and come backe againe,
Nay looke thee now, let goe, or by my troth
He tell my *Lodowick* how yee vse his loue:
Soe now god-baye, now god-night indeede:
Lie further *Lodowick*, take not all the roome,
Be not a charle, thy *Luciell* doth come.

Exit

Sax. Follow her brother, follow son *Masham*,
Be carefull guardians of the troubled mayd:
While I conferre with Princely *Ferdinand*
About an embassie to *Austria*,
With true reports of there disastrous haps.

Mar. Well, I will bee her guardian and her guide,
By me her fences haue bin weakned,
But i'll contend with charitable paine,
To serue her, till they be restord againe.

Exit

Sarl. A vertuous, noble resolution.

Per. Worthy Prince *Roderigo*, when tempestuous wee
Abates her violent storme, I shall haue time
To chide you for vnkindenes, that haue liu'd
In solitary life with vs so long.

Belene me *Saxon* Prince you did vs wrong:

Red. Would I might neuer liue in noe worse state;
For contemplation is the path to heauen.
My new conuersing in the world is prou'd
Lucklesse and full of sorrow; fare-ye-well
My heauen alone all company seemes hell.

Exit

Per. My neehow call for wine my soule is dry.

I am

The Tragedy of Hoffman?

I am sad at sight of soe much misery.

Enter Ierom and Stile, with cup, towell, and wine.

Sarl. Is the Dukes taster there?

Ier. I am at hand with my office.

Sarl. Fill for the Duke good cozen, tast it first.

Ier. I haue no minde to it *Stile*, for all my antidote.

Stile. I warrant you Master let Prince *Otho* drinke next,

Ier. Heere cozen, will you begin to my father?

Sarl. I thanke you kindly, I'll not be so bold,

It is your office; fill vnto my Lord.

Ier. Well god be with it, it's gon downe, and now I'll send the medicine after; Father pray drinke to my cozen for he is soe manner lyet hat hee'll not drinke before you.

Stile. Pray yee doe my Lord, for Prince *Otho* is best worthy of all this company to drinke of that cup, which and he doe, I hope he shall nere drinke more. *Aside*

Fer. Good fortune after all this sorrow *Saxony*.

Sax. O worthy *Ferdinand*, fortune and I are parted, she has playd the minion with mee, turn'd all her fauours in to frownes, and in scorne rob'd mee of all my hopes, and in one houre o're-turn'd mee from the top of her proud wheele.

Fer. Build on one fortune, shee's a fickle dame
And those that trust vnto her spheare are fooles.
Fill for his Excellence.

Ier. Heere cozen for your Excellence, pray drinke you to the Duke of *Saxony*.

Sarl. Not I kind cozen, I list not to drinke.

Ier. Gods Lady, I thinke *Stile*, wee are all vndone, for I feele a iumbling worse and worse.

Stile. O giue the Duke some of the medicine

Fer. What medicine talk'st thou of? what ayles my son?

Ier. O lord, father, and yee meane to be a liues man take some of this.

The Tragedy of Hoffman

Fer. Why? this is deadly poyson vnprepar'd.

Ier. True, but it was prepar'd for you and mee by an excellent fellow, a french Doctor?

Stile. I, he is one that had great eſte of you.

Fer. Villaine what was he? drinke nor Saxony
I doubt I am by treason poyſon'd.

Sarl. Heauen keepe that fortune from my dread Lord.

Enter Lorraine haſtily.

Lor. Treason ye Princes, treason to the liues
Of Ferdinand the Duke of Prussia

My Princely maſter! Oſbe of Luningberg

Sarl. Who ſhould intend vs treason?

Lor. This fond Prince.

Ier. Neuer to you Father, but to my cozen Charles;
indeede I meant to poyſon him, but I haue pepperd my ſelfe.

Sarl. I neuer gaue thee cauſe.

Stile. That's nothing to the purpoſe, but my Lord took
occaſion by the counsell of a French Doctor.

Sarl. Phyſitians for the Duke, my vncke faints,

Stile. Surgeons for the Prince, my maſter falls.

Fer. Call no Phyſitians, for I feel't too late,
The ſubrill poyſon mingled with my blood
Nams all the paſſages, and nimble dea.h
Fliees on his purple currents to my heart.

Ier. Father, I am dying too, oh now I departe,
Be good to *Stile* my man, he was accellary
to all this.

Stile. I truly: was I ſir therefore I hope you'll be good
to me, I helpt to mingle the poyſon as the French Doctor,
and my maſter charged me.

Fer. What's that French Doctor?

Sarl. What's become of him?

Stile. Wee left him in the court in my maſters chamber.

Fer.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

See.

Fer. I fir wee worth him, farewell *Stile*, farewell father
I aske you pardon with repentant eyes;
Fall stars, O *Stile*, for thus thy master dyes.

Fer. Take hence that maytor for the soole his man.

Stile. I pray prouide for me fir;

Fer. Let him be tortur'd, then vpon a wheele
broke like a tray: or and a murderer.

Stile. O lord fir. I meant you noe hurt, but to Prince *Charles*

Sarl. Away, disturbers not with idle talke.

Stile. Prouide quoth a? and you call this providing, pray
let mee, prouide for my selfe, alas my poore father, hee'le
creepe vppon crutches into his graue when he heares his
Proper'ty *Stile* is cut off by the stumpes.

Fer. Hence with that fellow.

Stile. Pray, not soe hasty, you would scarce bee
soe forward, and you were going as I am, to the gal-
lowes.

Exeunt guard with Stile.

Sarl. How cheares my royall vnhle?

Fer. Like a ship that hauing long contended with
The waues, is at last with one proud billow
Smit into the ruthlesse swallow of the sea.
For thee alas I perceiue his plot was layde;
But heauen had greater mercy on thy youth,
And one my people, that shall finde true rest
Being with a Prince so wise and vertuous blest.
Farewell most noble Iohn of *Saxony*,
Beare thy vnmatched griefe with a minde bent
Against the force of all temptations;
By my example Princely brother, see,
How vaine our lines and all our glories bee.

Sax. God for thy mercy! treason vpon treason,

How

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

How now yong *Otho* what art thou poyson'd too?

Sarl. Would God I were, but my sad starre referue

This simple building for extremer ruine:

On that French doctor.

Lor. I that worst of hell.

Nor torment shall content vs in his death.

Sax. Nay soft and faire, let him be taken first;

Now now sad brother, are you come to see

This Tragick end of worthy *Ferdinand*?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I heard of it too soone, and come too late.

Sax. Well brother leaue the Duke, and waite on mee;

Mathias, and the heartgreiu'd *Lucibell*

Shall goe with vs to *Wittenberg*, and shun

That facall land filld with destruction.

Rod. But *Lucibella* like a chased hinde

Flys through the thickets, and neglects the bryers,

After her runs your Princely son *Mathias*,

As much disturbd, though not so much distract,

Vowing to follow her, and if he can,

Defend her from despairing actions.

Sax. And we will follow them, Prince *Otho* adue

Care goes with vs, yet we leaue griefe with you,

Interre your vncke, punish traytours crimes,

Look to your persons these are dangerous time,

Exit Saxony and Roderigo.

Sarl. Lords take this body, beare it to the court,

And all the way sound a sad heauy march,

Which you may truly keepe,

A mournfull march indeed, when Kings are dead;

Goe on afore, ile stay awhile, and weepe

My tributary teares paid on the ground

Where my true ioy your Prince my vncke fell;

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

He follow to drive from you all distresse
And comfort you, though I be comfortles.
Art not thou plump with laughter my *Lorrique*,

Exeunt with the body. A march.

Lor. All this excellent, but worthy Lord,
There is an accident this instant chance
Able to overthrow in one poore i. *your*
As well your hopes as these assurance.

Sar. Whats that *Lorrique*? what can fortune use
That may diuert my strain e of policy.

Lor. You know all *Prussia* take you for the son
Of beautilous *Martha*,

Sar. I they suppose me to be *Otha* her son,
And son to that false Duke whom I will kill
Or curse my stars

Lor. His star is sunke already, death and he
Have vowed an end. Use league of amity.

Sar. Had I *Emarcus* hands, I'de strive with heaven
For counting wrath before the houre,
But wishes are in vaine, hee's gone.

Flourish.

*Enter as many as may be spar'd, with lights, and make a lane
kneeling while Martha the Dutchesse like a mourner
with her traine passeth through.*

Mar. Our son is somewhat slacke as wee conceiue
By this delaying, while our heart is fear'd,
And our eyes dim'd with expectation
As are the lights of such as on the beach
With many a longing, yet a little proofe
Stand wayting the returne of those they loue.

Enter Lorrique, falls on's knees.

Lord. His Excellence no doubt hath great affaires
But his familiar friend *Lorrique* is come,

H

Alas

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Mar. kneele not Lorrique, I prethee glad my heart
With thy tongues true report of my son Orbo,
Whome since his Princely Father is deceast
I am come from _____ oppress with griefe
In person to salute him for our Duke.

*For Your mother like affection, and high care,
His Highnes doth returne with dutious thanks
Desiring pardon of your excellence,
In that he did not salute your grace :*

But dismal accidents and bloody deeds,
Poisoning streasons, doe disturbe this state
Chiefly this gentle mind since the late death
Of your right princely brother *Ferdinand*
That like the carefull Captaine of a band
He is compeld to bee the last in field;
Yet he protests by me, and I for him:
That no soft rest shall enter his greeu'd eyes
Till he behold your presence, more desir'd
Then t he large Empire of the wide earth;
Onely he prays that you would take your
For in your soft content his heart is blest.

Mar. Spread me a Carpet on the humble earth:
My hand shall be the pillow to my head,
This step my bolster, and this place my bed.

Lor. Your Highnes will take harme.

Mar. Nay, neuer feare.

A heart with sorrow fill sleeps any where,
Will our son come to night?

Lor. Madam hee will.

For captain of the guard; that wayt on vs,
Goe all away, no body stay with mee
Except our son, come if we chance to call,
Trouble vs no; god night vnto you all.

All with doing duty depart, and she sits downe having a candle by her, and reads.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Quo fugiat mortale genus? nil denique tutum est,

Crudelis nam mors omnia falce secat.

Nil durum, nil non mortis penetrabile telus,

Omnia videmur mors violenta sua.

Tis true, the wise, the foole, the rich, the poore
The fayre, and the deformed fall; their life turnes
Ayre: the King and Captaine are in this alike,
None hath free hold of life, but they are still
When death heauens steward comes, tennents at will.
I lay me downe, and rest in thee my trust,
If I wake neuer more, till all flesh rise
I sleepe a happy sleepe, sin in me dyes.

Enter Hoffman, and Lorrique.

Hoff. Art sure she is a sleepe!

Lor. I cannot tell, be not too hasty.

Hoff. She stirs not, shee is fast.

Sleepe sweet fayre Dutchesse, for thou sleep'st thy last:

Endymions loue, muffle in cloudes thy face,

And all yelow: apers of the heauen

Vayle your cleare brightnes in Ciamesian mistis;

Let not one light my blacke deed beautise;

For with one stroake vertue and honour dyes.

And yet we must not kill her in this kind:

Wcapors draw blood, blood shed will plainly prooue.

The worthy Dutchesse, worthies of this death,

Was murderd, and the guard are witnesses,

None enter'd but our selues.

Lor. Then strangle her, here is a towell fit.

Hoff. Good: kneele and helpe, compasse her necke about;

Alas poore Lady thou sleep'st here secure

And neuer dream'st of what thou shalt endure.

Lor. Nay, good my Lord dispatch.

Hoff. What ruthlesse kinde
Shall I wrong nature that did ne're compose

The Tryaged of Hoffman.

One of her sexe so perfect? prethee stay,
Suppose we kill her thus about her necke,
Circles of purple blood will change the hue
Of this white porphirie and the red lines
Mixt with a deadly blacke, will tell the world
She dyed by violence: then t'will be inquir'd
And we held euer hateful for the act.

Lor. Then place beneath her nostrils this fatal box
Conteyning such a powder that hath power,
Being set on fire to suffocate each sense
Without the sight of wound, or shew of wrong.

Hoff. That's excellent, fetch fire, or doe not, stay:
The candle shall suffice, yet that burnes dim;
And drops his waxen teares as if it mourn'd
To be an agent in a deed so darke.

Lor. Will you confound your selfe by dotage speake,
S'wounds ile confound her, and shee linger thus.

Hoff. Thou wer't as good, and better, — note my words:
Run vnto the top of dreadfull scarre,
And thence fall headlong on the vnder rocks,
Or set thy brest against a cannon fir'd,
When iron death flies thence on flaming wings,
Or with thy shoulders, like attempt,
To beare the ruines of a falling tower,
Or swim the Ocean; or run quicke to hell;
(as dead assure thy selfe no better place)
Then once looke frowning on this angels face
Confound her? blacke confusion be my graue
Whisper one such word more, thou dyest base slaue.

Lor. I haue done, ile honor her if you command.

Hoff. She stirs, and when she wakes obserue me well.
Sooth vp what ere, I say, touching Prince *Osbo*.

Mar. Prince *Osbo*, is our son come? who's there *Lor*—
rique?

Lor. What shall I answere her?

Mar. Whose that thou talkest with?

Hoff.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Hoff. The most indebted seruant to your Grace
Of any creature vnderneath the Moone.

Mar. I prethee friend be briefe, what is thy name?
I know thee not, what businesse hast thou here?
Art thou a messenger come from our son?
If so acquaint vs with the newes thou bring'st.

Hoff. I saw your Highnes son, *Lorrique* here knowes,
the last of any living.

Mar. Liuing? heauen helpe,
I trust my son h'as no commerce with death.

Hoff. Your son noe doubt is well, in blessed state.

Mar. My heart is smitten through thy answer,
Lorrique, where is thy gracious Lord?

Lor. In heauen I hope.

Hoff. True madam, he did perish in the wracke
When he came first by sea from *Lubecke* hauen.

Mar. What false impostor then hath mock't my care?
Abus'd my Princely brother *Ferdinand*?

Gotten his Dukedome in my dead sons name?
Hoff. I grant him an impostor, therein false
But when your Highnes heares the circumstance,
I know your wif will come and meeke piety
Will iudge him well deseruing in your eyes:

Mar. What can be sayd now I haue lost my son?
Or how can this base two-tongu'd hypocrite
Excuse concealing of his masters death.

Vnhappy *Martha*, in thy age vndone,
Robd of a husband, cheated of a son.

Hoff. Heare me with patience for that pitties sake
You shewed my captiue body, by the teares
You shed, when my poore father dragd to death
Indur'd all violence at theyr hands:
By all the mercies powrd on him and me
That like coole rayne somewhat allayd the heate
Of our sad torment and red sufferings;
Heare me but speake a little to repay

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

•With gratitude the fauours I receiu'd.

Mar. Art thou the lucklesse son of that sad man
Lord of Burtholme some time Admirall?

Hoff. I was his onely son, whom you set free,
Therefore submissiue I kneele and craue,
You would with patience heare your seruant speake;

Mar. Be bricfe, my swolne hear tis a poynt to breake.

Hoff. I stood vpon the top of the high scarre,
Where I beheld the spitted ship let in
Deuouring ruine in the shape of waues,
Some got on Rafter, but were as soone cast off
As they were seated; many strid the mast,
But the seas working was soe violent,
That nothing could preserue them from their fury,
They did and were intombed in the deepe.
Except some two the surges washt a shore
Prince *Charles* being one, who on *Lorriques* backe
Hung wich claspt hands, that neuer could vnfold,

Mar. Why not as well as he *Lorrique* doth liue,
Or how was he found claspt vpon his backe
Except he had had life to fold his hands.

Hoff. Madam, your Highnes errs in that conceite,
For men that dye by drowning, in their death,
Hold sorely what they claspe, while they haue breath.

Lor. Well he held mee, and sunke me too.

Hoff. He witnes, when I had recoverd him,
The Princes head being split against a Rocke
Part all recouer, *Lorrique* in desperate rage,
Sought sundry meanes to spoyle his new-gain'd life,
Exclayming for his master: cursing heauen,
For being vniust to you, though not to him,
For robbing you of comfort in your sor:
Oh gracious Lady sayd this griued man
Could I but worke a meanes to cald me her griefe,
Some reasonable course to keepe blacke care
From her white bosome; I were happy then;

But

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

But knowing this, her heart will sinke with woe
And I am rank't with miserablest men,

Lor. I gods my witness, these were my lamentes
Till *Hoffman* being as willing, as my selfe;
Did for his loue to you, that pittied him,
Take on him to be cald by your sons name,
Which now he must refuse except your Grace
Accept his seruice in Prince *Otho's* place,

Mar. If this that you protest be true, your care
Was like a long reprieue, the date worne out;
The execution of my woe is come,
And I must suffer it with patience:

Where haue you layd the body of my son?

Hoff. Within the chappell of an heinimage,
Some halfe a myle hence.

Mar. Ile build mee ther a Cell,
Made like a tombe till death therein ile dwell:
Yet for thy wrongs yong man attend my words
Sice neyther *Ferdinand*, nor *Saxony*,
Haue any heires, to sway their senerall states;
Ile worke what lies in me to make thee Duke,
And since thou art accepted for my son,
Attempting it onely to doe me good,
I here adopt thee myne christen thee *Otho*,
Mine eyes are now the font, the water teares,
That doe baptize thee in thy borrowed name.

Hoff. I thanke your Highnes, and of iust heauen crage
The ground I wrong you in, may turne my graue.

Mar. Light's to our chamber, now our feares are past,
What we long doubted, is prou'd true at last.
Attend vs sonne.

Exeunt Martha and Lorrique.

Hoff. Wee'l wait vpon your Grace.
Son, this is some what, this will beare the eyes
Of the rude vulgar, but this serues not me;
Duke domes I will haue them, my sword shall win,

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

If any interposer crosse my will,
But new made mother, ther's another fire
Burnes in this liver lust, and hot desire,
which you must quench; must? I and shall; I know
Women will like how euer they say noe;
And since my heart is knit vnto her eyes
If she, being sanctimonious, hate my suir,
In loue this course ile take, if she denie;
Force her: true, (soe: *si non blandiris, vi.*)

Exit.

Actus quintus.

Enter Saxony, Rodorique, Mathias: severally.

Mat. Haue you not found her yet?

Sax. Not I,

Rod. Nor I.

Mat. Then I beleeeue borne by her fits of rage
She ha's done violence to her bright fame,
And false vpon the bosome of the Balt.

Sax. What reason leads yee to beleeeue it, son?

Mat. I did perceiue her some halfe houre since
Clambring vpon the steepenes of the rocke,
But whether vp or downe I could not guesse
By reason of the distance.

Enter Lucibella with rich clothes,

Rod. Stand aside, she comes, let her not scape vs now.

Sax. What has shee got apparrell? I and rich,
Poore soule, shee in her idle lunacy
Hath tooke it from some house where't will be mist.

Mat. Lets circle her about, least spying vs
she run away with wonted humblenesse,

Fairest

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Payrest well met.

Luc. Well ouertaken sir.

Sax. What haue ye here?

Luc. And you to o heartely.

Red I am sure you know.

Luc. Why that's well, I like that, that you are well
and you, and you : god buye.

Sax. Nay, nay you must not goe, wee'l hold you now.

Luc. Why that's well, done, Pray come, see my house

I haue a fine house now, and goodly knacks

And gay apparrell; looke ye here, this is braue;

And two leane porters staru'd for lacke of meat,

Pray let goe mine armes, looke here they bee.

Om. Oh horrid sight!

Luc. Nay, neuer start I pray; is it not like I keepe
A princely house, when I haue such fat porters at my gate;

Sax. What should this meane? why in this wood

So thicke, so solitary, and remote

From common road of men, should these hang thus?

Brother your Hermitage is not far hence,

When knew you any execution here?

Red. I neuer knew any, and these bones are greene;

This kisse anatomy hath not hung long

The bigger, by the mosse and drynes seemes

Of more continuance.

Mat. What's on there heads?

Luc. why golden Crownes, my porters shall bee Kings,

And hide there bare bones with these gay weeds,

Sax. I doe remember the Admirall

Hoffman, that kept the Island of Burtholme

Was by the Duke of *Prussia* adiudg'd

To haue his head fear'd with a burning crowne;

And after made a bare Anatomy,

Which by his son was from the gallowes stolne;

Luc. I, that same son of his, but where lines he

Sax. No doubt, he doth possesse some caue hard by.

L

Luc.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Luc. Come, goe with me, ile shew you where he dwels,
Or some body; I know not who it is;
Here, looke, looke here, here is a way goes downe,
Downe, downe a downe, hey downe, downe.
I sung that song, while *Lodowicke* slept with me.

Red. This is some Cause, let's boldly enter in,
And learne the mistery of that sad sight,
Come Lady, guide vs in, you know the way.

Luc. True, thats the way, you cannot misse the path;
The way to death and black destruction
Is the wide way; no body is now at home,
Or tarry, peraduenture here comes some will tell you more.

Enter Martha, and Lorraine.

Mar. Stand close, this is *Lorraine*, I doe not know the
Lady comes with him.

Sax. I ha' seene that countenance.

Red. Stand close, I pray, my heart diuines,
Some strange and horrid act will be reueald. (me so.

Luc. Nay that's most true, a fellow with a red cap told
And bad me keepe these cloathes, and giue them.
To a faire Lady in a mourning gowne;

Let goe my armes; I will not run away.
I thanke you now, now you shall see mee stay,
By my troth I will, by my maidenhead I will.

Mar. *Lorraine* returne into the beaten path,
I ask't thee for a solitary plot,
And thou hast brought me to the dismal'st groue
That euer eye beheld, noe woodimphes here
Seeke with their agill steps to outstrip the Roe,
Nor doth the sun sucke from the queachy plot
The ranknes and the venom of the Earth.
It seemes frequentlesse for the vse of men:
Some basiliskes, or poysonous serpents den!

Lorraine

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Lor. It is indeede an vndelightfull walke;
But if I doe not erre in my beleefe,
I thinke the ground, the trees, the rockes, the springs,
Haue since my Princely Master *Charles* his wracke
Appear'd more dismall, then they did before,
In memory of his vntimelesse fall.

For hereabouts, hereabouts the place,
Where his fayre body lay, deform'd by death
Here *Hoffman*'s son, and I enbalm'd him
After we had concluded to deceane
Your sacred person, and Duke *Ferdinand*
By causing *Hoffman* to assume his name.

Sax. This is very strange.

Luc. Niy taty, you shall heare all the knauery anon.

Mar. And where's the Chappell that you layd him in?

Lor. It's an old Chappell, neere the Hermitage:

Mar. But was the Hermet at his buriall?

Lor. Noe, *Hoffman* and I onely dig'd the graue
Play'd Priest and Clarke, to keepe his buriall close?

Red. Most admirable!

Sax. Nay, pray you peace.

Mar. Aias! poore son, the soule of my delights;
Thou in thy end wert rob'd of Funerall rites,
None sung thy requiem, noe friend clos'd thine eyes,
Nor layd the hallow'd earth vpon thy lips,
Thou wert not houseled, neither did the bells ring
Blessed peales, nor towle thy funerall knell,
Thou wentst to death, as those that sinke to hell;
Where is the apparrell that I bad him weare
Against the force of witches and their spells.

Lor. We buried it with him, it was his shroude;
The desert woods noe fitter meanes allowd.

Luc. I thinke he lyes.

Now by my troth, that gentleman smels knaue.

Mar. Swear one thing to me, ere we leaue this place;

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Whether young *Hoffman* did the most he might
to save my son.

Lor. By heaven it seemes hee did, but all was vaine
The flinty rockes had cut his tender skull,
And the rough water wash't away his braine.

Luc. Lye, lye, licke dish.

Mar. How now what woman's this? what men are these?

Luc. Apooie mayden mistris, ha's a suite to you,
And 'tis a good suite, very good apparrell.

Loe, heere I come a wooing, my ling, ding,

Loe, heere we come a sing, my darling,

Loe, heere I come a praying, to beeca, bideca.

How doe you Lady, well I thanke God, will you buy
a bargaine pray, it's fine apparrell.

Mar. Run my liues blood, comfort my troubled heart,
That trembles at the sight of this attire:

Lorrique, looke on them, knowest thou not these clothes?
Nor the distracted bringer? prethee speake.

Lor. Ay me, accurst and daunn'd; I know them both;
The bringer is the *Austrian Lucibella*.

Luc. I, you say true, I am the very same,

Lor. The apparrell was my Lords, your Princely son's.

Mar. This is not sea wet, if my son were drown'd
Then why thus dry is his apparrell found?

Lor. O me accurst, o miserable me?

Fall heaven, and hide my shame, gape earth, rise sea,
Swallow, orewhelme me, wherefore should I liue,
The most perfidious wretch that euer breath'd,
And base contenter to my deare Lords death.

Luc. Nay, looke you heere, do you see these poore staru'd
ghoists; can you tell whose they be?

Mar. Alas! what are they? what are you that seeme
In ciuill habits to hide ruthlesse hearts;

Lorrique, what are they? what wilt thou attempt?

. Helpe

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Helpe Gentlemen, if yee be Gentlemen,
And stay this fellow from dispayring ill.

Lor. I was ordain'd vnto perdition, stay me not;
For when yee know the mischiefes I haue done,
(at least, consented to, through coward feare)
You would not stop me, if I skipt in quicke
To that blacke, bottomlesse and ruthlesse, gulph,
Where euerlasting sorrowes like linkt chaynes
Fetter the wretched in eternall night.

Mar. what hast thou done?

Luc. Knauery I warrant you, tell truth and shame the
Diuel my boy, doe, and thou shalt haue a fine thing by and
by.

Sax. I take your Highnes for that reuerend Dutches
Late wife vnto the Duke of *Prussia*.

Mar. I am the wretched childlesse widdow sir.

Lor. Princeesse heare me, and I will briefly tell
How you came childlesse, you brotherlesse,
You husbandlesse, and fatherlesse, all, all.
He tell you, hauing ended, act my fall.

•Mas. Well, forward;

Lor. Be irsue, I haue deseru'd a greater cruelty,
To bee kept liuing when I long to dye.

Mar. I charge thee setting by all circumstance,
Thou vtter what thou knowest: my heart is Steele,
Nor can it suffer more then it doth teele.

Lor. Then thus, Prince *Charles* and I escap't the wracke,
Came safe a shore to this accursed plot,
Where we met *Hoffman*, who vpon yon tree
Preferu'd his fathers bare anatomy,
The biggest of them two were those strong bones
That acted mighty deeds.

Hoffman the son full of reuenge and hate,
'Gainst every hand that wrought his fathers hurt,
Yet guilded ore his crime with fine shewes,
And entertain'd vs with as friendly termes

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

As faithhood could inuent; and 'tis well knowne:
Bitter deceit vith the sweetest speech.

At length he tooke aduantage, bound my Lord,
And in a chayne tyed him to yonder rocke,
While with a burning Crowne he seard in twaine
The purple Veynes, strong sinewes, arteries, uerues;
And euery cartilage about the head,
In which sad torment the mild Prince fell dead.

Mar. Did *Hoffman* this? and thou conceal'st the deed?

Lor. Pardon my feare, Dread Madam.

Mar. well, goe on, I am confident to heare all cruelty,
And am resolu'd to act some, if noe hand
Will els attempt the murderers end, but mine.

Lor. Be patient; you will finde associates:

For there are many murderers more behinde.

Mar. what did hee with the body of my son?

Lor. Buried the flesh, the bones are they that hang
Close by his fathers.

Mar. Let them hang a while

Hope of reuenge in wrath doth make mee smile.

Luc. Pray let him tell the rest.

Lor. This acted, *Hoffman* forc't me to concale
The murder of my Lord, and threatned more
Then death by many torments, till I swore
To call him *Orso*, and say he was your son:
I swore and kept my oath.

Red. O Heauen.

Sax. O Duell.

Luc. Nay, I pray you peace.

Lor. Then sent he me for you, and you hesent;
Or as I best remember, lead you on
Vnto the Chappell porch, where hee himselte
Appointed them to stay, and there you know
What hapned in your wrath.

Luc. To me a sleepe,
And to my harmlesse *Lodowick* in my armes;

Mar.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Mat. On on, that deed is writ among the acts of guilt;
A brothers sword a brothers life blood spilt.

Sax. Proceed, what's next? kild he not *Austria*?

Lor. He did.

Luc. O villaine did he kill my Father?
And make my brother kill my husband too?

Sax. Coc forwar'd.

Lor. After all those hated murders
He taught the foolish prince in the disguise
Of a French Doctor to prepare a poyson,
Which was the death of Princely *Ferdinand*;
Next plot hee purpos'd your graces death,
And had oppos'd my strength of my teares,
You had bin murder'd as you lay a sleepe.

Sax. Let's heare no more, seeke out the hated wretch,
And with due torture let his life beforc'd
From his despis'd body.

Rod. Doe I pray.

Sax. All the Land will helpe,
And each man be a iustice in this act.

Mar. Well, I that neuer knew reuenges power,
Haue entertain'd her newly in my brest:
Determine what's to doe. (*rick a sleepe*)

Luc. Euen what you will; would I were with my *Lode*;
In the Elizian fieldes, where no feares dwell;
For earth appeares as vile to me as hell.

Lor. Let me be Prologue to your scene of wrath,
And as the Romane Cateline resolu'd
His doubtfull followers by exhausting blood
From the liue body, so draw mine, cast mine
Vpon the troubled and offended earth;
Offer blood fit for an infernall sacrifice,
Wine is not powr'd but on celestially offerings:
Therefore I aduise you

As you hope to thriue in your reuenge, smite me.

That

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

That haue bin pander to this iniury.

Mar. Thou merite'st death indeede.

Mat. Stay iudge him not, let me a little plead in his excuse,
Mar. *omn.* And this one sentence serues; *a man* ampe'd

To pull acts, cannot be iustly held

A wilfull malefactor; the law still

Lookes vpon the deede, ne're on the will:

Besides although I grant the matter small

And very safe to rayle a multitude,

That by their power might cease the murder,

Yet two especiall reasons crosse that course:

First: many hauing notice of our plot,

One babling tongue may vtter out intent,

And *Hoffman* being warn'd is surely arm'd

Hauing the fort and treasure in his powre,

And be his cause more then notorious ill,

He may with gold maintaine it at his will

Scape vs, for no doubt hee's full of sleights:

Besides, Reuenge should haue proportion,

By slye deceit he acted euery wronge,

And by deceit I would haue him intrapt;

Then the reuerge were fit, iust, and square,

And t'would more vex him that is all compos'd

Of craft and subtilty to be outstript

In his owne fashion, then a hundred deaths.

Therefore by my aduice pardon *Lorrique*

Vpon condition, that he lay some plot

To intercept the other.

Om. We are agreede.

Lor. Your mercy doth all bounds of hope exceed,

And if you will repose that trust in me,

By all the protestations truth can make,

Before the Sun haue run his mid-dayes course,

I will to morrow yeld him to your handes.

Sax. Shew vs the meanes.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Lor. The meanes is in the Dutchesse poillie.
If she can smother the murder but a while.

Mar. He turn deceit to ouerthrow his fraud.

Lor. Then with faire words his flatteries entertayne,
And when he doth importune yon for long,
Desire him first to shew you the first place,
Where he beheld Prince *Charles* after the wracke
Say you haue earnestly entreated me,
But I haue lead you in a labyrinth
Of noe effect; he full of leace and leest,
Glad of occasion will no doubt alone
Conduct you to this fatall horrid case,
Thinking by force, or tayre meanes, to attaine
His falsc hearts long, and your honors stayne;
But being in the height of his base pride,
The Duke, the Hermet, *Lodowick*, and my selfe,
Will change his pleasures into wretched
And redemptiue misery.

Sax. The plot is good, Madam, are you agreed?

Mar. To any thing how euer desperate.

Luc. I but by your leace, Lady, and Lords all, what if
This knane that has bin, play the knane still,
And tell tales out of schoole; how then?

Lor. I know not what to sweare by; but noe soule
Longs for the sight of endlesse happinesse,
With more desire, then mine this life for his death:
By all the gods that shall giue ill men life,
I am resolu'd chiefe agent in his end.

Mat. We credit thee, ioyne hands, and ring him round,
Kneele, on his head lay our right hands, and sweare
Vengeance against *Hoffman*.

Om. Vengeance, vengeance, fall
On him, or suddaine death vpon vs all.

Sax. Come, part, we to the caue,
You to the Court:
Iustice dig murders graue.

K

Exit

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Exit Lorrique and Martha.

Lord. Nay, He come, my wits are mine agen
Now such growes time to punish faithlesse men.

Exeunt.

*Enter Hoffman, and all the traine that attended
the Dutchesse first.*

Hoff. Not to be found? hell which way is she gon?

Lord. Her Highnes charg'd vs to call you her son,
The miltery we know not, but we know,
You are not Princely *Otho* of Luningberg.

Hoff. Noe matter what I am; tell me the way she went
With that *Lorrique*; speake, or by heauen
Hell shall receiue you all.

Enter Martha, and Lorrique.

Lord. Be not in rag'd she comes,
And with her comes trusty *Lorrique*.

Hoff. Madam, I fear'd you, and my heart was sicke,
With doubt some oucr-desperate accident
Had drawne you to the melancholy paches,
That lyewithin the verge of this rough scarre.

Mar. Your doubt was but an Embrio; I indeed
Desir'd *Lorrique* to bring me to the place
Where you beheld the shipwracke of my son;
And he hath led me vp and downe the wood,
But neuer brought me to the fatall beach,

Hoff. It were not fit you should see the sad place,
That still seemes disfinall since the Princes death.

Lord. Dead? is our soueraigne Lord the Prince dead?

Mar. Inquire no more of thar, I will anon
Resolue you of his fate, this time for beare,
Wite me this gentleman your Lord and Prince.

Lord.

The Tragedy of Hoffmann.

Lor. Wee hold him soe, sith you command vs so.

Hoff. Will you goe forward, Madam? (morrow

Mar. Willingly, soe you will promise mee to walke to
And see the Earth that gently did receiue
My sons wrack't body from the chnrlish some.

Hoff. Ile wayt vpon your Grace, set forward there,
Trickes, and deuices I longings I well 'tis good :
Ile swim to my desires, through seas of blood.

Exeunt.

Lor. Fox you'l be taken, hunter you are false
Into the pit you dig'd; I laught to see
How I out-strip the Prince of villany.

Hoffman for me told such a smoothing tale,
That had not this strange accident befallue
In finding of the caue; I had bin held
More deere then euer, in the Dutchesse eyes;
But now shee'l hold me hard, what ere she say,
Yet is her word past that shee'l pardon me,
And I haue wealth hoord vp which ile beare
To some strange place: rich men liue any where.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoff. What? are you gadding sir? what mooues your flight?
Coyne not excuses in your crouching come,
What cause haue you to flic and seeke strange hoords
For your wealth gotten by my liberall gift?

Lor. And my desert, my Lord.

Hoff. Well be it your desert;
But what's the cause you'l flic this country?

Lor. As I liue, my Lord, I haue noe such intent;
But with your leaue, I was debating things,
As if it should chance thus, and thus, why then
'Twere better be far of, but otherwise
My loue, and life, low at your seruice lye.

Hoff. You are a villaine damn'd as low as hell;
An hypocrite, a fawning hypocrite:

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

I know thy heart, come Spaniell vp, arise,
And thinke not wth your antickes and your lies
To go beyond mee, you haue play'd the slaue,
Betrayd me to the Dutchesse, told her all,
Disappointing all my hopes with your base tongue,
Ocurr'd the heigh^t of my intendments,
For which Ie haue thee from my mountaine wracke,
Into the lowest Cauerne of pale death.

Lor. Ahs my Lord for beare, let me be heard.

Hoff. Thou hast betrayd me, therefore neuer talke:

Lor. By heauen —

Hoff. O hell, why should'st thou thinke on heauen.

Lor. Stay, and belecue me, thinke you I am mad,
Soe geat a foe to my owne happy chaunce,
When things are sortd to so good an end,
That all is hid; and we held in regard:
After such horrid, and perfidious act's,
Now to betray my selfe; be reasonable,
And thinke how shallow such an act would seeme
In me, chiefe agent in so many ill's.

Hoff. Thou hast a tongue as glib and smooth to lyes,
As full of false inuentions, and base fraud,
As prone to circumuent beleeuing soules,
As euer heretique or traytor vsd,
Whose speeces are as hony, their act's gall,
Their words rayse vp, but their hands ruine all.

Lor. By vertues glorious soule.

Hoff. Blasphemer peace, sweare not by that thou hat'st;
Vertue, and thou haue no more sympathie,
Then day with night, Heauen with Hell.
Thou knowest, I know thy Villanyes excell

Lor. Why then by villany, by blood, by sleigh^tes,
By all the horrors tortures can present,
By Hell, and by reuenges purple hand
The Dutchesse had no conference with me,

But

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

But onely a desire to see the place
That first receiu'd her son, whom she beleeuēs
The vnrelenting waues and flimy rocks,
Had steuer'd from sweet life after the wracke.

Hoff. May I beleue thee?

Lor. Haue I sayld you yet?

Measure my former acts, and you shall find
My soule allyed to yours, wholly estiang'd
From all I euer lou'd:

Hoff. Noe more, haue done.

Tha't won me to continue thee my friend;
But I can tell thee somewhat troubles me,
Some dreadfull misaduenture my soule doubts,
And I conceiue it with noe common thought,
But a most potent apprehension;
For it confounds imaginary sence,
Sometimes inflames my blood, another while
'Nums all the Currents that should comfort life,
And I remayne as 'twere a senceles stone.

Lor. Come, come, I know the cause, you are in loue,
And to be soe, is to be any thing:
Doe you not loue the Dutcheesse?

Hoff. Yes, I doe.

Lor. Why there's the matter, then, be rul'd by me,
To morrow morning she desires to see
The shore, that first receiu'd her sea-wrackt son,
And to be vnaccompanied she loues;
Except some one or two, you and I:
Now when you haue her neare your dismal I caue,
Force her, I doe man, make no scruple do't,
Else you shall neuer win her to your bed:
Doe a mans part, please her before she goe,
Or if you see, that she turnes violent,
Shut her perpetuall prisoner in that den;
Make her a Philomel, proue Tereus:
Do't, neuer feare it.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Hoff. Why she will be mist.

Lor. By whom? by fooles, grosse, dull, thicke sighted fooles,
whom euery mist can blinde, I'le sway them all,
With exclamation that the grieued Dutchesse
when she beheld the sea that drown'd her son,
Stood for a while like weeping *Niobe*,
As if she had bin stone: and when we striu'd
With milde perswasions to make lesse her woe
She madder then the wife of *Athamas*
Leap't suddenly into the troubled sea,
Whose surges greedy of soe rich a prey,
Swallow'd her vp, while we in vaine exclaym'd
'Gainst Heauen and hell, 'gainst fortune and her fate.

Hoff. Oh my good villaine! how I hug thy plots,
This shall be done, shee's mine: run switt slow houres,
Make a short night hasten on day apace,
Rough armes waxe soft soft beauty to embrace.

Lor. Why soe, now your feare will quickly end,

Hoff. Thou wilt not talke of this?

Lor. Will I be hang'd?

Nee're take me for a blab, you'l finde me none.

Hoff. I haue a nother secret, but ———

Lor. Come what ist? come, this brest is yours,
My heart's your treasury.

Hoff. Thou must be secret, 'tis a thing of weight
concernes thee neere.

Lor. Were it as neere as life, come, pray speake.

Hoff. Hearke in thine eare, I would not haue the ayre
Be priuy to this purpose, wilt thou sweare?

Lor. What? to bee secret? if the least iot I tell
Let all my hopes sinke suddenly to hell.

Hoff. Thou hast thy wish, downe Villaine, keepe this close.

Lor. Vnthankfull murtherer, is this my meede?
Oh slaue, tha't kild thy heart in wounding mine,
This is my day, to morrow shall be thine.

Hoff. Goe foole; now thou art dead, I neede not feare.

Yet

The Tragedy of Hoffman

Yet as thou wert my seruant iust and true,
He hide thee in the ditch : giue dogs there due;
He that will proue a mercenary slaue
To murder, seldom findes soe good a graue;
Hee's gone, I can now spare him, *Lorrique* farewell;
Commend me to our friends thou meet'st in hell:
Next plot for *Mathias* and old *Saxony*,
There ends shall finish our blacke tragedy.

Exit.

Enter Saxony, and Mathias.

Sax. How little care had we to let her 'scape,
Especially on this so needfull time,
When we are vowed to wayt vpon reuenge.
Mat. Noe doubt our vnles'care will keepe her safe;
Nor is she in her fits so violent
As she was wont, looke where my
Vncle comes, sustayning with one hand
A dying man, and one the other side,
Fayre *Lucibell* supports the fainting body.

Enter Rodorique, and Lucibell leading Lorrique.

Luc. Looke you here, you maruail'd why I went,
Why this man drew me vnto him, can you helpe
Him now. *Hoffman* has hought him too.

Sax. Brother who ist you bring thus ashe pale;
I't not *Lorrique*;

Lor. I am, and 'tis in vayne to strue for longer hope.
I cannot, onely be prouident; I greatly feare
The murtherous traytor out of meere suspect
Will plot some stratagem against the life
Of the chaste Dutchesse, help her what you can,
Against the violence of that wicked man.
Rod. Hast thou not told him, what we doe intend?

Lor.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Cor. Noe, as heauen help mee in my wretched end,?
Be confident of that, now I must fall
Nearer agent to life, you know his wrongs:
Be careful Princes to reuenge them all. *more dis.*

Luc. Well, farewell fellow, thou art now paid home
For all thy councelling in knauery,
Good Lord! what very fooles are very knaues!
Their cunning bodics often want due graces.

Sax. Son, daughter, brother, follow my aduice,
Let vs not longer keepe this hateful plot,
Least we be circumvented.

Rod. True, 'tis to put on open armes.

Mat. 'Tis now too late; we are beset
With souldiers, we must fight, and since it must be;
Let's to't valiantly.

Enter Dutchesse: Lord, with souldiers.

Lord. Princes prepare not to resist your foes,
We are as firme as life vnto your blood.
The Dutchesse *Martha* greets old *Saxony*,
Prince *Matthias*, *Roderick*, and fayre *Lucibell*:
To me she hath disconceit'd the damnd plots
Of that perfidious *Hoffman*, and hath sent
These armed souldiers, to attend on you.

Sax. We thanke her Highnes, but we thinke in vaine
Both you and we attend; *Lorrique* lyce slaine
By *Hoffmans* slye suspicion; best be ioynd
To apprehend him publicly.

Lord. There is no need, our Dutchesse hath apparel'd
Her speech in a greene livery,
She salutes him faire, but her heart
Like his actions, is artt'd
In red, and blew, and sable ornaments.

Sax. But tell vs where they are?

Lord. At hand she comes, with him alone her plot is, *sh*

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

She comes in happy time for all your good.

Mar. Cease words, vse deedes

Reuenge drawes nigh.

Sax. Come let his body like a scarecrow,

This bush shroud you, this you,

Stand close true souldiers, for reuenge.

Luc. I : doe, doe, doe, I pray you heartely doe,
stand close.

Enter Hoffman and Dutcheffe.

Hoff. I wonder much why you aske me for *Lorrique*,

What is *Lorrique* to you, or what to me?

I tell you he is damnd, enquire no more,

His name is hatefuller then death.

Mar. Heauen! what alterations these!

Can I beleue you loue mee as you swore,

When you are so inconstant to your friend?

Hoff. He is noe friend of mine whom you affect,

Pardon me Madam, such a fury raignes

Ouer my boyling blood, that I enuy

Any one on whom you cast anamorous eye.

Mar. What growne so louing? marry heauen defende

Wee shall deceiue you if you dote on vs,

For I haue sworn to lead a widdowes life,

And neuer more to be tearm'd married wife.

Hoff. I, but you must.

Mar. Must? vse not force, I pray.

Hoff. Yeild to my loue, and then with meekest words

And the most humble actions, ile intreat

Your sacred beauty; deny me? ile turne fire,

More wild then wrath, come then agree,

If not to marry, yet in vnseine sports

To quench these Lawlesse heates that burne in me.

Mar. What my adopted son become my louer?

And make a wanton minion of his mother?

Now sic vpon you sic y^e are too obsecane

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

If like your words, your thoughts appeare vncleane;

Hoff. By heauen I doe not ieast, goe to, belieue me,
'Tis well yon laugh; smile on, I like this:
Say, will yon yeild?

Mar. At the first? sic noe.

That we e an abiect course, but let vs walke
Into some covert, there are pretty caues,
Lucky to louer suites, for Virgil sings;
That Dido being driuen by a sharpe thorne
Into a Lybian caue, was there intic'd
By sluer-tongu'd *Aeneas* to affect;
And should you serue me soe, I were vndone,
Disgrac'd in *Germany* by euery Boore,
Who in their rymes woud iest at *Marthas* name
Calling her mynion to her cozen son.

Hoff. Fayerer then Dido, or loues amorous Queene;
I know a caue, wherein the bright dayes eyes
Look't neuer but a skance through a small creeke,
Or little cranny of the fletted scaire;
There I haue sometimes liu'd, there are fit seates,
To sit and chat, and coll, and kisse, and steale
Loues hidden pleasures, come, are you dispos'd
To venter entrance? if yon be, assay,
'Tis death to quicke desire, vse no delay.

Mar. Vertue and modesty bids me lay noe,
Yet trust me *Hoffman* tha't so sweet a man,
And so belou'd of me, that I must goe.

Hoff. I am crown'd the King of pleasure.

Mar. Hatefull slaue, thou goest to meere destruction
in thy caue.

Hoff. S' death who stands here?
What's that? *Lorriques* pale ghos't?

I am amaz'd: nay slaue stand off:

Thy wcapons sure, the prize is ours.

Mar. Come forth deere friends, murder is in our powers
Sav. Yeild thee, base son of shame.

Hoff.

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Hoff. How now whats here? am I betrayd?
By dotage, by the falshood of a face?

Oh wretched foole false by a womans hand
From high reuenges sphere, the blisse of soules.

Sax. Cut out the murderers tongue.

Hoff. What doe you meane?

Whom haue I murder'd; wherefore bind yee me;

Mar. They are Iustices to punish thy bare bones,
Looke with thy blood-shed eyes on these bare bones,
And tell me that which dead Lorraine confest
Who ist thou villain'd that leas't who wast?

Hoff. Why Otho thy sons, and that's my fathers by him.

Mar. O mercilesse and cruell murderer
To leaue me childlesse.

Luc. And mee husbandlesse.

Mar. Me brotherlesse. oh smooth tongu'd hypocrite
How thou didst draw me to my brothers death.

Sax. Talke noe more to him, he seekes dignity,
Reason he should receaue his desperate hire,
And weare his crowne made flaming hot with fire:
Bring forth the burning crowne there.

Enter a Lord with the Crowne

Hoff. Doe old dog, thou helpest to worry my dead Father
And must thou kill me too? 'tis well, 'tis fit,
I that had sworne vnto my fathers soule
To be reueng'd on *Austria, Saxony,*
Prussia, Lunenberg, and all there heires:
Had prosper'd in the downefall of some fine;
Had onely three to offer to the fiends,
And then must fall in loue; oh wretched eyes
That haue betray'd my heart; bee you accurst;
And as the melting drops run from my brows,
Soe fall they on the strings that gaude your heart
Whereby their oyle heart may cracke them first,
I, loe, boyle on thou foolish idle braine,
For giuing entertainment to loues thoughts.

L 2

A man

The Tragedy of Hoffman.

A man resolv'd in blood, bound by a vow
For no lesse vengeance, then his fathers death,
Yet become a morous of his foes wifel
O! sin against all conceit ! worthy this shame
And all the tortures that the world can name.

Mar. Call vpon heauen, base wretch, thinke on thy soule.

Hoff. In charity and prayer
To requite without charity.

Say. We pardon thee, and pray for thy soules health.

Hoff. Soe doe not I for yours, nor pardon you;

You kild my father, my most warlike father,

Thus as you deale by me, you did by him;

But I deserue it that haue slackt reuenge

Through fickle beauty, and a womans frand;

But He! the hope of all dispayring men,

That wring the poore, and eate the people vp,

As greedy beasts the harnest of their springs:

That Hell, where cowards haue their seats prepar'd,

And barbarous affes, such as haue rob'd souldiers of
Reward, and punish true desert with scorn'd death.



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